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"PARLEZ VOUS FRANÇAIS?"—DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I am waiting for the name and address—or, rather, for the name only, for the address must be Arcadia—of the agricultural labourer who returned the farmer's advance of a shilling a week this springtime, upon the ground that he could not conscientiously take it because he had received his weekly wage in full during the winter months. If he could only be discovered, and his personal modesty (only too probably on a par with his other virtues) would admit of his being publicly exhibited, the "agricultural difficulty" would surely be half over. We should, for the first time, see "the other side of the question" presented by one of the Employed themselves; but it is absolutely necessary that we *should* see him—or, at the least, a stereoscopic slide of him (to show that he is solid), in the act of returning the shilling. The imagination is powerless to grasp him, without the aid of science. I try to think of an author giving back to his publisher the results of the spring sale of his book, because it did so well at Christmas time; but my mental retina refuses to entertain the image. It is difficult for anyone but a German philosopher to evolve from his own consciousness an animal he has never beheld. I have consulted eminent persons in professions not my own, and there is "a general consensus of opinion" (a most popular phrase with writers who are paid by the line) that the account of that agricultural labourer is a myth: an immense poetical license, taken with the object of reviving the golden, or, at least, the silver, age. "If he did give back the shilling," says a great financial authority whom I have ventured to consult upon this mystery, "*it was because it was a bad one!*"

Mrs. Oliphant, a magician who adorns all things that she touches with her wand, the pen, has been writing in *The Forum* upon "Success in Fiction." It is a subject, one would think, of which she is peculiarly qualified to speak; yet no one can accuse her of revealing any sacred secrets of the literary calling. Her article reminds one of the behaviour of some accomplished prestidigitator who, at the conclusion of some marvellous performance, offers to teach any lady or gentleman for a guinea (and the promise of an inviolable secrecy) the method of accomplishing any trick which has especially excited their admiration. He performs it again, a little more slowly, but still quite imperceptibly, and with a "That's how it's done, you see," ushers them out with a graceful bow, as wise as they came, but still "no conjurers." No one can doubt her statement that "one very distinct element of success in fiction is the having something to say"; but when one comes to the question, How is that success attained? she maintains a reticence not exhibited, we are all glad to find, in her story-telling. Her views, so far as can be gathered from her somewhat Sibylline utterance on the matter, is that there is a good deal of luck in it. "Great genius will certainly do it; chance will do it; a word said in a lucky moment, a happy turning of the tide, a sudden, apparently fortuitous chiming in with some public want of fancy." The best, she goes on to say, generally secures it, but also sometimes the worst; then, again, sometimes "a mediocrity, which is more perplexing than either." She concludes with a very fine passage, in which she reminds us that the temple of Fame is likewise the temple of the winds, whither "are carried straws and scraps, and much light-flying rubbish, as well as the bay-leaves and birds of rarest wing." Mrs. Oliphant is, however, in error in supposing that the humble slave and admirer who is now drawing attention to her latest production ever "offered literature as a handy profession to any newcomer"; what he did venture to assert, and now repeats, was simply that persons with what is called "a turn" for it can improve themselves therein by adopting a certain course of study, and are thereby more likely to attain success than by leaving the matter solely to inspiration—an excellent thing in itself, but variable in its action, and none the worse for some backing of knowledge and observation: just as, though one has every confidence in the electric light, it is desirable to have the gas also laid on, in case of emergency.

The enterprising *Independent* of New York has been collecting the views and opinions of various eminent persons upon the subject of Washington for its Centennial Number. Noteworthy as are many of the communications received in answer to the editorial appeal, the reason for declining to reply to it is, in one case at least, equally interesting. It comes from Kossuth, writing from Turin, and very properly printed in facsimile, for it is the gem of the collection. So touching a letter, from one still in the land of the living, has seldom found its way into the columns of a newspaper. The subject proposed for his essay, "The Providential Mission of the American Republic," would, it strikes one, have been rather a stiff one, even for a patriot (of another country) in his prime; but that, alas! was not his difficulty. "My extreme old age (eighty-seven years), the infirmities naturally inherent to it, the more than a quarter of a century's disuse of writing, and the habitude of reserve, grown to a second nature by my absolute seclusion from all social intercourse, compel me respectfully to decline the honour which, overestimating my abilities, you are kind enough to proffer to me."

It will probably be news to a good many people that this patriarch of patriots is still alive, but some of us can remember him as the first orator in Europe. Cobden once told me that, in his opinion, the most eloquent speaker save one—and curiously enough the exception was not John Bright—he had ever listened to was Louis Kossuth. We have it on his own word that he learned English (when in captivity) from only two books—the Bible and Shakespeare. What a genius he must have known himself to possess at that time! How sad must be the contrast (for he appears to be conscious of it) between his "now" and "then"! How superfluous seems the lagging of such a veteran on the stage of life! Indeed, the whole letter, which may be elsewhere read at large, is most pathetic.

"I have married three wives, and each for money. We never do marry for love, but for cash," observed Mr. Joseph Isaacs, frankly, in defending a case against one of his mothers-in-law, in the Portsmouth County Court, the other day. The statement is somewhat sweeping, and we will hope this gentleman has fallen into the common error of generalising upon insufficient data. There is no doubt of his own ample acquaintance with matrimony; but even that does not qualify him to speak for the whole sex which he adorns. At the same time—and it is not, perhaps, a regrettable set-off against the somewhat overstrained theories about "first love" and "the affinities"—it must be confessed that this practical view of marriage is shared by many individuals who are neither of the Hebrew race, nor subject to the material influences of a garrison town. I remember a Wiltshire farmer being rallied on the occasion of his third nuptials by his Rector on the judicious selection he had made of well-dowered brides. He admitted the fact; but protested the advantages had been exaggerated. "What with bringing on 'em in" (i.e., the wedding outlay), he said, "and carrying on 'em out" (the funeral expenses), "I do assure you there is very little left on the right side of the ledger."

One is apt to consider murder rather an out-of-the-way incident. Among simple people a novel with a murder in it is thought to be "sensational": dealing with matters that do not often occur in real life. It is a subject which (unless it has any particular interest of its own) is glanced at by the daily newspapers but lightly, and attracts the delicate subscriber to the circulating library not at all. These "young persons" do not take in the penny weekly papers, which record everything just as it comes; one of them who read a copy by accident once asked me how it was that there was no "obituary" in it, and why *everybody* committed suicide or else was murdered? This was only because she was brought face to face with the total of what Mr. Dennis (the hangman) would have called "rather a busier week than usual." As a matter of fact, if Parliamentary returns are to be trusted, the average of murders in England and Wales is 152 per annum, or three a week. This will seem to many readers surprising. Perhaps in America the rate will be three a day, "but then, you know, the Americans are so peculiar." Murders happen here at home much more frequently than market days, but without the cognisance of those who go to market. What prevents the fact attracting notice, or appearing so shocking, is that the vast majority of these crimes are committed in the heart of our great towns and in low neighbourhoods, which are used to them. Unless, as in the Whitechapel cases, there are circumstances of peculiar atrocity about them, they make no stir in the world of respectability. From platform and pulpit we hear of "the thin crust that separates us from the abyss of crime"; but few people are aware of the holes that are made in it every day, or, at all events, three days a week.

Some folk are very hard upon "collectors" of all kinds; and, not content with charging them with folly, accuse them of dishonesty. There is no man, they say, who gives himself up to any craze of this sort—from the procuring of "first editions" to the acquisition of more china than he can possibly want for his breakfast-table—but that sooner or later he becomes a rogue. If he is a numismatist, he is much more particular about the date of a coin than of the circumstance of its belonging to somebody else; and if stamp-collecting is his hobby, and he finds himself in the same room with a rare one, he will stick to it. For my part, I do not pretend to judge these good people; they are as unintelligible to me as the habitual dram-drinker; but the most reasonable of them seems to me to have been Mr. Jogglebury Crowdy. *His* craze (you remember) used to be walking-sticks, with the head carved by himself in the likeness of some eminent character. The resemblances were not striking. When he said "You know who this is?" it was embarrassing: you sometimes said, "The Duke of Wellington," when you ought to have said "Mary Queen of Scots." But still he exerted his intelligence, even if it fell short of his ideal.

Of stamp-collecting I fear that not even that much can be said. Why should a Bolivian stamp (for example), which has, moreover, been used, have any value for persons who don't care one farthing about Bolivia? Why should the head of some long-deceased President of the United States be thought, if not a thing of beauty, a joy for ever? Is there any illusion, or association, that can possibly give a value to a postage stamp? The consideration (perhaps) of this circumstance, and of the curious delusion that has seized upon so many of the human race, has caused the New South Wales Legislature to take the matter up. Since it cannot stop stamp-collecting, it has resolved to give it a *raison d'être*. Henceforward its postage stamps will have a local significance: the twopenny stamp will be an Emu, the fourpenny will be Captain Cook, the eightpenny will be the Lyre Bird, and the shilling stamp will be the Kangaroo. If all countries should adopt this capital plan of self-illustration, postage stamps would become really interesting, and the collection of them be justified. The only person in connection with stamps, so far as I know, that ever made his mark in the world was Mr. William Wordsworth—but he was a distributor, and not a collector.

Of all human endowments the memory is the most independent and least subject to the will of its possessor. Like fire, it is an excellent servant but a very bad master, and, when it gets the upper hand of us, plays the strangest tricks. It will leave its post of duty at a moment's notice, or at no notice at all; and, on the other hand, when, as a particular favour, it is requested to efface itself, it will exhibit an extreme vitality. The best story that has hitherto been told of its malicious humours is in connection with a certain Mr. A., a maker of musical instruments, and his wife, who, a generation or two ago, were getting into good society. They were asked

to dinner at Lord B.'s, who, knowing his lady's fatal facility for talking about the wrong subject, besought her while the A.s were with them not to say one word about a piano. She carefully avoided the topic, though it was the one thing she had in her mind, till the time came for her guests' departure, when, in answer to Mrs. A.'s inquiry whether she had not heard her carriage announced, she replied, with polite regret, that it was so. "Your piano, I am sorry to say, my dear, is at the door." We talk of "a treacherous memory," but it is sometimes as fiendish and ungovernable as the temper of Mr. Hyde.

Even Lady B.'s case has now been surpassed. A Mrs. Dorling, charged with unlawfully transferring certain properties of her husband's (including "culinary utensils, a hair-brush, and a canary-bird") to the custody of a Mr. Blackmore, is permitted to state her case. It requires exceptionally delicate handling, for rumour asperses her fair fame; and yet to the very first question, "What is your name?" addressed to her in the witness-box, she answers "Catherine Blackmore." Even the injured, but exceptionally good-natured, husband exclaims, "You have made a mistake, dear." To which she replies (but without confusion), "Dear me, yes; of course; it's Dorling." This is what comes of endeavouring to forget a thing when our memory and ourselves are not on good terms with one another.

THE COURT.

The Queen is in excellent health, and takes walks and drives nearly every day.

On May 8 the Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, arrived at Windsor Castle. The Russian Ambassador and Madame De Staal, the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Lytton, her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, and the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P., Secretary for the Home Department, also arrived. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of her Majesty. Her Majesty's dinner-party consisted of the Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Henry of Battenberg; Lady Southampton, Lady-in-Waiting; the Russian Ambassador and Madame De Staal, the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Lytton, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord-in-Waiting, and the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, left the castle on the 9th for Clarence House. The Prince of Wales, attended by Sir Francis Knollys, visited her Majesty. Mr. J. G. Kennedy and Captain Jones, V.C., arrived at the castle, and were introduced to the Queen's presence by the Earl of Hopetoun, and kissed hands on their appointment as her Majesty's Ministers to Santiago and Bangkok respectively. Mlle De Rosen, for many years Lady-in-Waiting to the late Queen-Dowager of Denmark, had the honour of being received by her Majesty. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. Sir Henry and Lady Loch arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

In the evening of the 10th Chevalier Oberthur had the honour of performing some pieces on the harp, and Madame San Martino sang before her Majesty. Mr. W. G. Cousins accompanied Madame San Martino on the pianoforte.

The Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, Princess Marie of Battenberg, accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle on the 11th. The Countess is the only daughter of the late Prince Alexander of Hesse, and the eldest of the Battenberg family. Sir William Jenner, Bart., K.C.B., arrived at the castle and left next day.

On Sunday morning, the 12th, the Queen and Royal family and the members of the household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. The Bishop of Manchester, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated, and the Bishop preached the sermon. The Bishop had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family.

The band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, bandmaster, played a selection of music during luncheon on the 13th.

The Queen arrived at Paddington on the 14th, at 11.35, and drove through Hyde Park to Buckingham Palace, escorted by a detachment of the Household Cavalry. At three o'clock her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others of the Royal family, held her third Drawingroom this year, at which the number of presentations was almost unprecedentedly large, included in the list being many from the Colonies, India, and America. In addition to costumes of great beauty, the most noticeable feature of the occasion was the extraordinary display of bouquets, in which lilies-of-the-valley, orchids, and roses were especially conspicuous. After the holding of the Drawingroom, which was not over till close upon five o'clock, the Queen drove in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, along the Thames Embankment, Northumberland-avenue, and thence along Pall-mall and up St. James's-street to the Row. Everywhere along the route her Majesty's appearance was the signal for loyal cheers.

The Prince of Wales was present at the debate in the House of Lords on May 9.

Accompanied by Prince George, the Prince of Wales dined with the officers past and present of her Majesty's yachts at the Hôtel Métropole on the 10th. Captain Stephenson, R.N., was in attendance.

On the 11th, the Prince, who is the Commodore of the Royal Naval Squadron, presided, at noon, at the meeting of this institution at Willis's Rooms, to elect members and discuss general business appertaining to the squadron. His Royal Highness was supported by a very large number of the members of the squadron. The Prince and Prince George visited the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia at the Buckingham Palace Hotel; the Grand Duke Alexander had previously visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, was present at Kempton Park Races. General Boulanger, who lunched with the 1st Life Guards, had a long conversation with the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward in the Members' Enclosure. The Prince was present at a concert given by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly; and the Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince George of Wales, witnessed the performance of "Sweet Lavender," at Terry's Theatre.

On Sunday morning, the 12th, the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service.

The Prince paid a visit to Kingsclere on the 13th. The Grand Duke Alexander dined with the Prince and Princess. Their Royal Highnesses honoured the performance of "The Silver King," at the Princess's Theatre, with their presence.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The political kaleidoscope, industriously twirled of late in Parliament, has disclosed a rich variety of legislative designs, and amply illustrated the versatility and ability of our leading legislators in both houses.

Lord Cranbrook was manifestly aware of the importance of the task before him in the House of Lords, on the sultry Tenth of May. The lithe and active Lord President of the Council is one of those evergreen statesmen who have discovered the secret of perennial youth. His Lordship is seventy-five, but looks some thirty years younger. The fire of the Gathorne Hardy of the Disraeli days may not burn as fiercely as of old. But in polemical force and agility, and in masculine resolution, Lord Cranbrook is still unsurpassed. The noble Lord knew he had to sustain an attack upon the new Code recently drawn up by the Committee of Council on Education, and, like a prudent Minister, he had provided himself with a rampart of bluebooks to resist the onslaughts from the episcopal and other benches. Content to leave the Ministerial defence in the capable hands of Lord Cranbrook, the Marquis of Salisbury serenely occupied himself with the ventilation of the chamber, and reduced the oppressive heat by simply ordering a window to be opened.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who urged Lord Cranbrook to reconsider the Code lest it should materially injure the many excellent voluntary schools, has deservedly the reputation of being one of our foremost orators. The Primate's

resonant, penetrating voice (would that every voice were as audible in Parliament!), and his clear rhetorical style gave force to his arguments, which received the cordial support of the Bishop of London, whose ungainly swaying motion whilst speaking it might be advisable for him to drop. Answering the Archbishop and the Right Reverend Prelate, Lord Cranbrook showed a firm front, and gave chapter and verse to assure his ecclesiastical critics that there were no grounds for their fears.

The Earl of Meath (who sits in the House as Baron Chaworth, but is better known to the public as the Lord Brabazon who has taken such interest in the various movements afoot to secure the due recreation and social improvement of the working classes) likewise took part in this Education debate; and the noble Earl returned to the charge on the Thirteenth of May, in order to energetically appeal to the Government to foster physical training in schools. It needs hardly to be added that the Lord President of the Council accorded his sympathy to the motion of the Earl of Meath, though he could not promise that much more could be done in this direction at present.

The Duke of Cambridge, it may be mentioned, so far agreed with the Earl of Meath that he recommended (and Lord Cross coincided with this view) that all School Board children should be drilled by non-commissioned officers, whose services could be secured at no great expense. But it is this eternal question of cost which prevents the Government from doing many things they would wish to see accomplished.

The Earl of Carnarvon (who still has to walk with a stick, one regrets to note) on the same Thirteenth of May gave Lord

Salisbury an opportunity to utter a few sagacious words of caution respecting the reported cruelties in Armenia, to which the noble Earl had called attention. The Prime Minister shortly afterwards neatly eluded a trap blandly laid for him by Earl Granville in his quietest and most innocent manner, and declined to be drawn into a discussion of the hypothetical question put by his Lordship respecting the possible attitude of the United States regarding the Sugar Convention. "The legal question," said Lord Salisbury, "is now so hypothetical that it is not useful, and it is not desirable, to carry the discussion any further."

The Sugar Bill, which has sweetened neither the lot of Baron Henry De Worms nor the tea-cup of the poor, inasmuch as the price of sugar has gone up one halfpenny per pound, is practically dead. A series of pertinacious interrogations in the Commons on the Thirteenth of May culminated in a skilful home-thrust by Sir Lyon Playfair from the front Opposition bench, delivered to the palpable satisfaction of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt. The greatest interest was evinced in the rising of Mr. Smith, who looks so well, by-the-way, that there is presumably no foundation for the current report that the right hon. gentleman is about to be elevated to the Peerage.

It was the cue, obviously, of the First Lord of the Treasury to let the Bill down gently. Ironical cheers and laughter greeted his opening remark that "The matter is not one which is of pressing importance"; and the Opposition read the doom of the ill-fated Bill in the further statement by Mr. Smith that there "are other measures which require the early consideration



THE ARMY GYMNASTIC STAFF AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

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On Wednesday, May 8, in the afternoon and evening, an exhibition of advanced physical exercises was given at the People's Palace, Mile-End-road, by the Army Gymnastic Staff and Non-Commissioned Officers' Class, from the Royal Military Gymnasium, Aldershot, under the direction of Colonel G. M. Onslow, Inspector of Gymnasia, and Captain Berkeley Quail, Assistant-Inspector of Gymnasia. The non-commissioned officers taking part in these performances were Sergeant-Major G. S. Noakes, Quartermaster-Sergeants Hawkins and Weaver, Staff-Sergeants Palmer, Crawford, Giles, Wilson, Bond, Pouch, Butler, Gee, and Tennent. Free gymnastics, parallel bars, bayonet v. sword, and single-stick bouts provoked many rounds of applause; but the favourite items on the bill were the "physical drill with arms," the dancing of various figures to waltz music, and the "light dumb-bell drill," accompanied by singing, and even whistling in chorus, such popular tunes as the "Honour of Old England," "They all love Jack," and "God bless the Prince of Wales," winding up with the nigger ditty "Clara Nolan's Ball." The acrobatic displays on the horizontal bar must not be forgotten, in which the performers were Sergeant-Major Hawkins and Staff-Sergeants Crawford and Palmer. Nor should the high vaulting of Sergeants Wilson, Bond, and Gee be unrecorded; or the double somersault with which Sergeant-Major Noakes brought the proceedings to a close. Part of the Royal Artillery band, under Sergeant-Major Reed, supplied the music. The general arrangements were carried out by the gymnastic director of the palace, Mr. Burdett. The Gymnasium of the People's Palace has proved of great benefit to young men and boys, who have also one of the best swimming-baths in London.

"PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?"

The little English girl on the foreign shore of the Channel may have learnt a few words of the French language from her governess or Mamma, but must feel it a considerable undertaking to exchange the simplest talk with the sturdy and kindly wife of a fisherman, meeting her alone on the beach. Yet children, whose baby lips have so recently acquired the faculty of speaking the words in common use at home—which we should rather call their "mother-tongue" than their "native language"—can obtain, more quickly than the cleverest of their elders, a practical familiarity with the new vocabulary, heard on all sides around them, when they go to live abroad. Their perception of vocal sounds is extremely alert, and their imitative propensity is naturally more lively than in persons of a more advanced age; while they are not deterred by the fear of committing grammatical errors. If there were not this advantage in infancy, the English child would scarcely learn even to speak English; but Nature has so provided; and we may reasonably expect that, before she has been two months on the French coast, being allowed freely to converse with the natives, this little maiden will be able to make herself understood, in some measure, and will feel quite at her ease.

Mr. Augustus Harris has accepted the position of joint managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Limited.

Both Houses of Convocation of Canterbury met on May 14 for business. In the Lower House the report of the Committee on the Increase of the Episcopate was considered, and it was resolved to ask the Bishops to use their best efforts to secure the passing of a Bill through Parliament to give effect to the recommendations.

of the House, and it is not the intention of the Government to take the second reading of the Bill before Whitsuntide." The ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone and other Opposition chiefs was then displayed by an incisive criticism of the obnoxious measure, conveyed in insidious questions, suggesting that France and other countries threatened reprisals, and that considerable "derangement of trade" had been occasioned in this country.

The Commons, sugar being thus virtually disposed of, took into consideration the tea duty at the solicitation of Mr. Pictou; but negatived the hon. member's proposal to abandon the impost, after a most interesting debate, by a majority of 95 (216 against 121). Mr. Goschen, with national expenditure so enormous as it is, naturally declined to give up the sixpence he now gains from every pound of tea consumed.

The Naval Defence Bill then passed through Committee, to the relief of Lord George Hamilton; but not before Lord Charles Beresford had excited mirth by a rather plain-spoken declaration. This was that the noble Lord would have liked the First Lord of the Admiralty and his hon. friend below him to have provided that if the ships fail "they should both be hanged."

The important debate on Mr. Dillwyn's resolution in favour of Disestablishing the Church in Wales ended in a significant division on the Fourteenth of May. Mr. Raikes contended that the Church in Wales was part and parcel of the English Church, and that nothing had been advanced to justify disestablishment. Mr. Stansfeld replied that a form of religion to which the majority of a people was averse could not long exist. The motion was defeated by a majority of 53 (284 against 231); and Mr. Byron Reed's amendment directly negativing the proposal of Mr. Dillwyn was carried without further division.



The
End of the
honey-moon: Act iij
Miss Kate Rorke & M^r Forbes Robertson



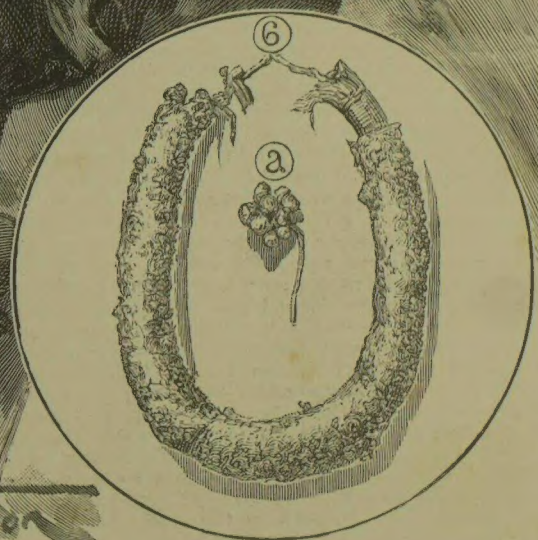
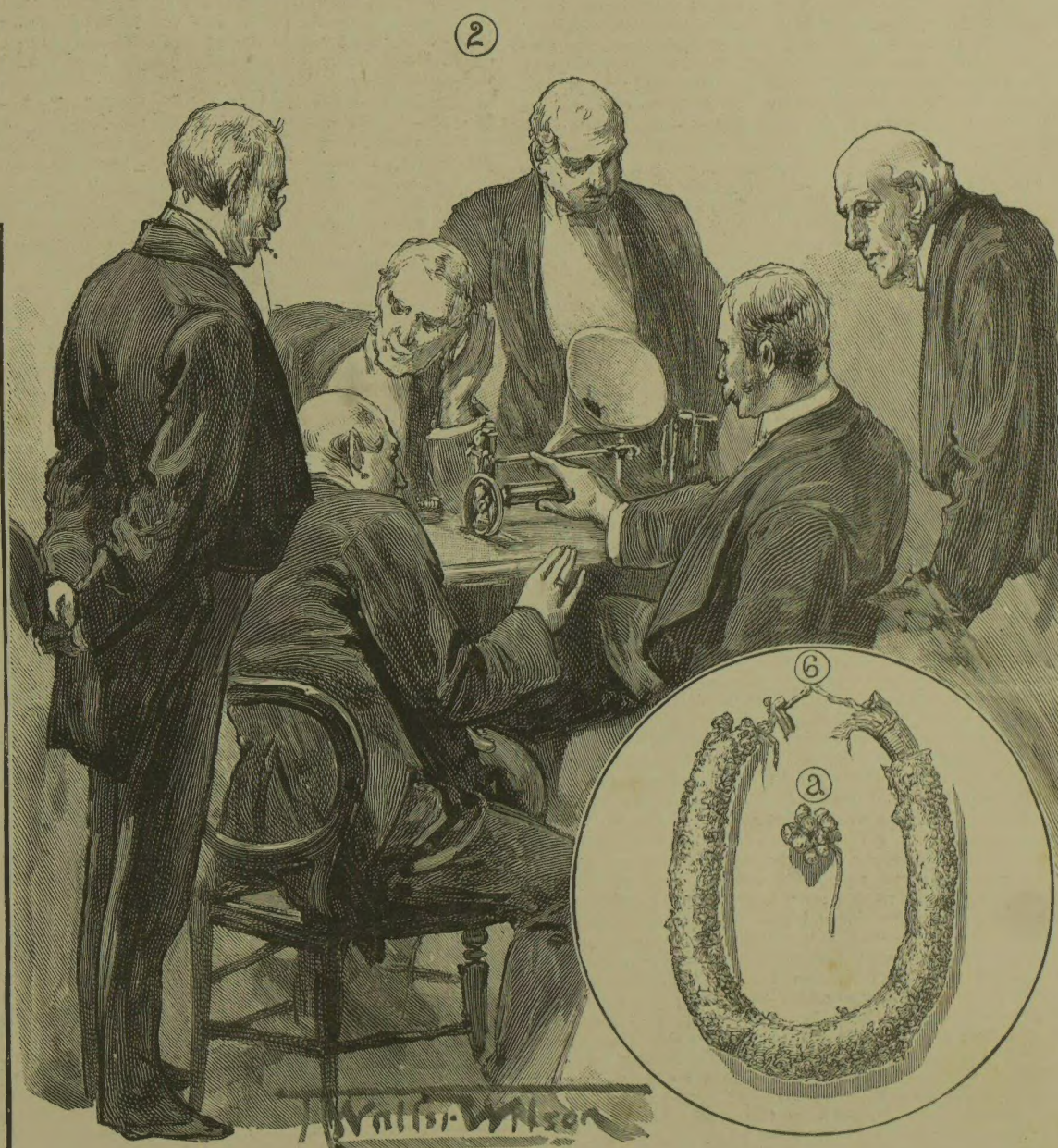
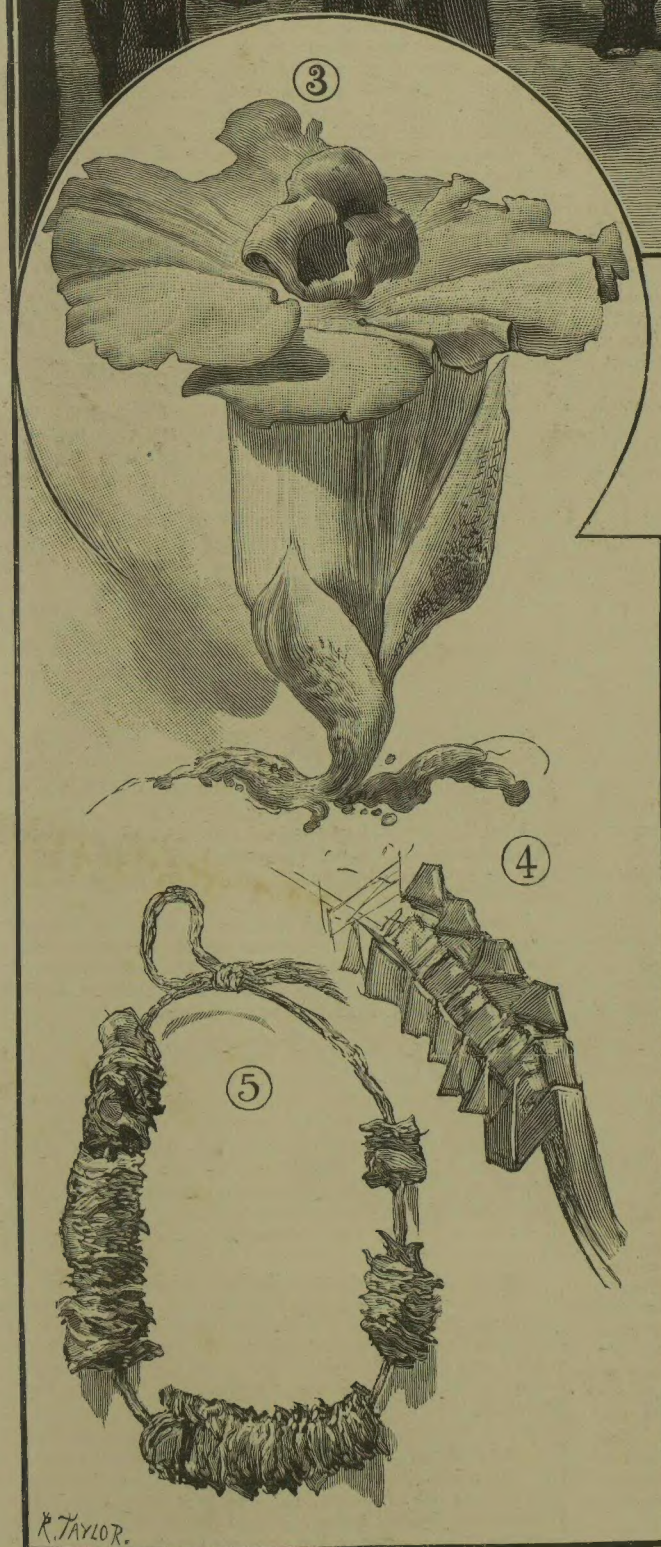
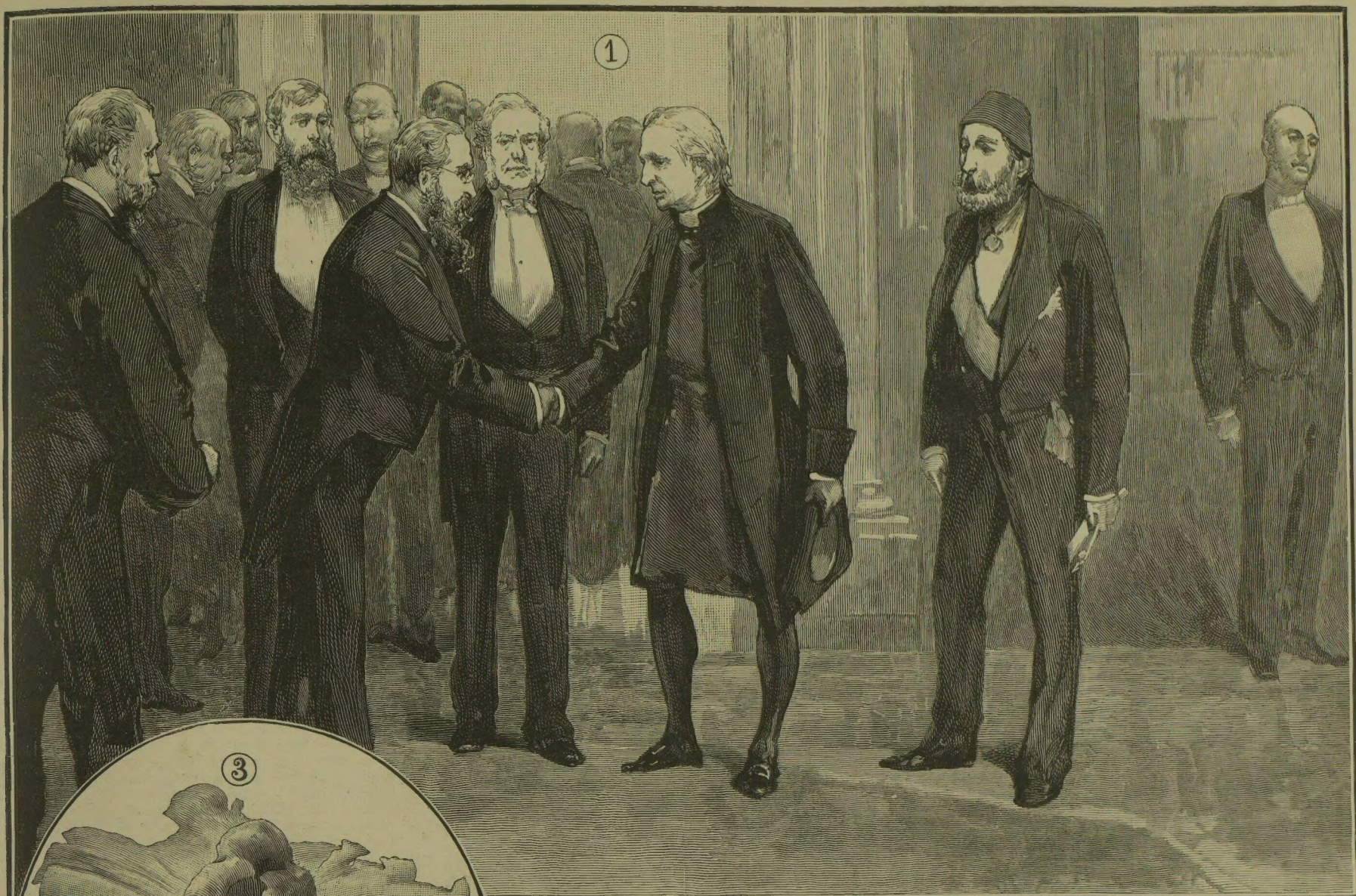
Notes from

THE
ROFLI
GAT

Garrick
Theatre

*Wilfred Brudenell
M^r Sydney Brough*





1. Reception by the President and Officers in the Principal Library.
2. The "Tainter" Graphophone playing a Selection from Mendelssohn.
3. The *Amorphophallus Campanulatus* (sixth of actual size).

4 and 5. Wreaths and Plant-remains from the cemetery of Hawara, Egypt:
Plaited Date-Palm Leaf (half-size), and Wreath of Rose-petals (*Rosa Sancta*) strung on threads of twine (two thirds of actual size).

6. Wreath composed of the Flowers of *Gnaphalium Luteo-album* (sixth of actual size). a. Single Cluster (half-size).

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Pinero's lucid explanation solves whatever difficulty was created concerning "The Profligate" and its termination. When it was rumoured that originally the play concluded with the hero's suicide, it was instantly assumed that the author had altered and ruined his whole scheme merely for the sake of pandering to a popular prejudice by which plays are supposed to end happily. Not a bit of it. Mr. Pinero very properly put forward as his dramatic text that the sins of a bad man invariably find him out. Well and good; but it was not necessary in order to enforce that doctrine that it should be pushed so far as to deny to the bad man repentance. To have killed the Profligate, with his wife outside the door ready to forgive him, and to have introduced her one second too late with the pardon on her lips, would surely have been an unduly and unnecessarily harrowing scene; and, further, the suicide of the Profligate would have dimly suggested the marrying of his widow to the self-sacrificing solicitor. No; the Profligate's punishment is bad enough as it is. All is not as it was before. His wife *knows him*. The dark stain of his life can never be effaced. On his breast for ever is the scarlet cross. But, as Mr. Pinero ably points out, the idea of no one character in the play is sacrificed by the wife's pardon or the Profligate's repentance. The solicitor is still a patient model of self-sacrifice. The ruined woman and her young lover depart into mysterious silence, and are seen no more. But Mr. Pinero is too much of an artist to ruin a play for the sake of pandering to claptrap; and Mr. Hare is not at all the kind of manager to have encouraged such a proceeding.

If truth be told, the real difficulty in the path of the dramatist who desires to give us tragedies in the drawing-room is that he is denied the legitimate properties of tragedy. He may not strew the stage with corpses or bring in the poisoned cup, the convenient phial, or the handy dagger. A Victor Hugo has always a little bottle in the hero's doublet, or a dagger in the heroine's dress, in order to conclude a tragedy. But Mr. Pinero, who gives us tragedies in frock-coats and dress-improvers, must needs discover some compromise. The heroine with premonitory symptoms of heart disease, in order to enable her conveniently to die before the curtain falls, has been somewhat overdone; and the modern dramatist, if he be wise, avoids the vulgar revolver or the old-fashioned policeman and handcuffs. In essence both "The Weaker Sex" and "The Profligate" are social tragedies: they are serious dramas of human life; and I, for one, think Mr. Pinero has got out of his difficulty admirably in both cases. To bring "The Weaker Sex" to a strictly logical conclusion Mrs. Kendal ought to have died; and it is quite certain that in "The Profligate," had Mr. Forbes Robertson taken a fatal dose of laudanum, Miss Kate Rorke should have followed his example. Her churl should have left her just one drop. But would it have done to have strewn the new stage of the lovely Garrick Theatre with corpses? Surely not. The modern dramatic reformer, who is so eager to revise and correct the established dramatic formula, looks upon the British public as a big bogey created by dramatic critics, and non-existent. But it is to this "bogey" that managers and authors look for bread; and to ignore the bogey might possibly result in ruin. At any rate, "The Profligate" is a success—is it not? Is it wholly impossible that a stroke of the pen might have turned it into an artistic failure? The illustrations given on another page comprise a faithful representation of the crucial scene so splendidly acted by Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Forbes Robertson, and also sketches of Mr. John Hare's clearly-cut bit of character, and of the other personages in Mr. Pinero's successful new play at the handsome and comfortable new Garrick Theatre.

It is very seldom that a new theatrical phrase or catch-word is quite appropriately used. But it is perfectly true that the new comic play by Mr. H. M. Paull, at the Comedy Theatre, has "caught on." So it should, as it is called "Tenterhooks." The author seems to have been in a fix, and not quite decided whether he should make his piece a serious or a comic one. A young man who has rushed into an imprudent marriage, and is burdened with a dissolute blackmailing wife, suddenly discovers that he loves sincerely a charming and eligible girl. She returns the compliment, and wonders why her admirer does not propose. So, in order to rid herself of an obnoxious suitor, she takes the bull by the horns and proposes herself—or, rather, suggests that she should loan her lover, and become "engaged" for a convenient period.

Thanks to the admirable acting of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Lottie Venne the play has found favour with the public. Actor and actress alike have never been seen to such advantage. Mr. Hawtrey has a quiet, incisive style, peculiar to himself. His acting is wholly without effort, and his humour is as sly and pronounced as that of the late Artemus Ward, an artist of whom the most discordant opinions were uttered. Artemus Ward sent half his audience into fits of laughter. The rest simply stared, for they could see no fun in him whatever. I am happy to say that I am one of those who could laugh heartily at Artemus Ward, and can see in Mr. Hawtrey a power of true comedy, neat, finished, and admirably consistent. The weary look of the young man burdened with a secret and compelled to accept as a joke a situation that is as painful as it is irksome, is most pathetic. People as they watch the principal character do not know whether to laugh at or condole with him. Miss Lottie Venne is seen also at her very best. She has shaken herself free from her comical contortions of feature and tricks of voice, and acts with sincerity and excellent effect. The cast includes also those excellent players M. Marius, Mr. Harry Nicholls, and Miss Susie Vaughan.

London is so large now-a-days that it is able to provide each manager with a double set of audiences—one in the morning and one at night. Mr. Thomas Thorne is, accordingly, clever enough to arrange plays for each set. "Doctor Cupid" is going merrily at night; so "Angelina," a broadly funny play, has been rehearsed and successfully produced for a series of Vaudeville matinées. This is a version of one of the very few good farces that have been produced lately in Paris—"Une Mission Délicate," by Bisson. The story in French will scarcely bear repeating; but the adaptor has got out of his difficulty remarkably well, and now that the artists have warmed to their work, and shaken off their nervousness, "Angelina" makes everyone roar with laughter. Mr. Thomas Thorne has a part replete with comic terror which he understands so thoroughly, and as a contrast to his nervous irritability, we have the phlegmatic precision of Mr. Gilbert Farquhar and the fiery irascibility of Mr. Fred. Thorne. Miss Gladys Homfrays, Miss Florence Bright, and pretty fair-haired Miss Bannister are seen to great advantage; but the artistic success is made by Mr. Cyril Maude as a bumptious and pretentious young philosopher of the new school. It is but a sketch, but in the hands of this clever young actor it stands out in brilliant relief. "Angelina" will, however, require a little padding out before the farce can constitute the full evening's programme.

For many years past Mr. Charles Dickens has been known not only as a charming companion and a literary man, as industrious and versatile as he is modest, but has specially

distinguished himself as a fluent, eloquent, and convincing after-dinner speaker. The example, influence, and magnetic personality of the father were never lost on the son. The father was a genial companion, so is the son; the father as an impromptu speaker had few rivals, the son does not neglect to cultivate a lost art. The father read his own works superbly; the son by diligence, practice, and remarkable application suddenly comes before the public as one of the best of the platform readers. Nay, more. I hold that Mr. Charles Dickens is an actor. An actor alone could show us Peggotty and Ham and Mrs. Gummidge, and the child-wife Dora in the flesh. Very few actors, so far as my experience goes, could represent these characters clearly and distinctly without the aid of the make-up box and the wigmaker. The very best acting is that capable of triumphing over disguise, and yet the characters in "David Copperfield" come trooping upon the platform as vividly as if they were made up by Clarkson or Fox, and dressed by Alias or May. Could anyone but an actor throw himself into the shipwreck scene as Mr. Dickens does, making us feel the terrible lash of the wind, the hiss of the spray, and the thundering majesty of the waters? Could anyone but an actor so gracefully and effectively "suit the action to the word, the word to the action"? Wherever Mr. Charles Dickens reads "David Copperfield" and "Bob Sawyer's Party" no one should willingly miss the treat. It is sometimes satirically observed that actors and singers go out to America as finished artists, and return either ranters or screamers. This rule—if, indeed, it ever were a rule—has been entirely reversed in the case of Mr. Dickens. He went out to America a mild but intelligent reader; he has returned to us a very excellent actor. C. S.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chambers reassembled on May 14. In the Senate the proceedings were merely formal. In the Chamber there was an animated discussion on the Budget. M. Faure, on the part of Ministers, urged that the proposed expenditure was absolutely necessary, and the debate was adjourned.—A thunderstorm, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain, burst upon Paris, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, and lasted about an hour and a half.—Some particulars of the Paris Exhibition and the doings of Lord Mayor Whitehead in Paris will be found in another column.

The German Emperor went to Potsdam early on the 11th to inspect the First Foot Guards, who afterwards performed an interesting sham-fight against several squadrons of the Horse Guards.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on May 10 from a woodcock-shooting expedition in Styria. The silver wedding of Archduke Joseph and Archduchess Clotilde was celebrated at Vienna on Sunday, May 12; and simultaneously their daughter, Archduchess Margaret, was betrothed to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. Princess Clémentine of Coburg and Prince Philip of Coburg, with his wife, Princess Louise, were among the guests.—The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, at an evening sitting, have adopted the remaining clauses of the Budget and passed the second reading of the Budget Bill for 1889, which shows a surplus of 2,770,059 fl. The House has also passed, without amendment, the Trade Marks Protection Bill.

The King of the Netherlands, on the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne, has issued a proclamation to the nation. He declares that he has kept the promises he made on coming to the throne, and that his people have been faithful to him throughout this period.

The Czar and Czarina attended Count Tolstoy's funeral on May 10.—Privy Councillor Durnovo has been appointed Minister of the Interior in succession to the late Count, retaining his present post of Director of the Imperial Charitable Institutions.

A telegram from Newhaven, Connecticut, announces that Mr. Phelps, the late United States Minister to England, will resume the professorship of the Yale University Law School.—At Baltimore, on May 7, the new Johns Hopkins hospital buildings were opened with appropriate ceremonies. There are seventeen buildings, which cost 2,000,000 dols.—The Eastern States have been visited by a severe cyclone, which caused a great destruction of property.

The Shah of Persia has crossed the Russian frontier at Djulfa on his way to St. Petersburg. His Majesty was received by a number of the Russian dignitaries and a guard of honour of 150 Cossacks.

There has been fighting on the East Coast of Africa between the Germans under Captain Wissmann and Bushiri. The fortified camp of the natives was attacked and taken, with a loss of eighty lives; the Germans lost two white men and forty blacks. Bushiri escaped.

The commander of her Majesty's cruiser Rapid has hoisted the British flag on the Suwarow Islands, a small group in the South Pacific to the north-west of the Cook Islands. These islands are simply a few uninhabited reefs, although a wharf was built on the main islet some time ago by an Auckland firm. The group is composed of three low wooded islands connected by a reef, on which are a number of hummocks and rocks. The whole group, including its encircling reef, is only twelve miles long by nine miles broad. The eastern island has coconut-trees. There is an entrance for ships into the lagoon; but no drinking-water in the islands. They lie about 450 miles north-north-west of the recently-annexed Cook or Hervey Islands, and about the same distance east of Samoa. They are in a line with Maldon, Starbuck, and Penrhyn Islands in the north-east, and Fiji in the south-west, and might be useful for cable-laying purposes.

The death is announced of Father Damien, the well-known priest of the leper settlement of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, who, in ministering to the unfortunate community there, himself contracted the disease. His self-appointed work among the afflicted outcasts has afforded one of the highest examples of chivalry and high-souled resignation under the saddest of sufferings. He was a native of Louvain, in Belgium, where he was born in 1841. On visiting his brother at a convent where the latter was preparing for the priesthood, Joseph, on his nineteenth birthday, decided to enter holy orders, and he returned home no more. The elder of the two brothers being, by a severe illness, prevented from going as a missionary to the South Seas, Joseph went to the islands in the Pacific, and in 1873 reached Molokai, where he cast in his lot with the lepers.

Mr. A. Johnson, engineer of the Ipswich Division of the Great Eastern Railway, has been appointed a Commissioner of Railways by the Queensland Government.

Prince Albert Victor was present on May 8 at the first festival of the new educational fund in connection with the provincial Grand Lodge of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, which took the form of a grand Masonic banquet, held at the York Lodge. The Earl of Zetland, P.G.M., presided, and about 100 brethren from all parts of the province were present.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The annual conversazione of the Royal Society at Burlington House, on the evening of Wednesday, May 8, was attended by a large and distinguished company. The visitors were received in the principal library by the president, Professor Stokes, M.P., the treasurer, Dr. John Evans, and the principal secretaries. Among those present were the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the German Ambassador, the United States Minister, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord Knutsford, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Baron Henry De Worms, Mr. H. C. Raikes, Lord Armstrong, Lord R. Churchill, the Earl of Rosse, Lord Bramwell, Viscount Cross, Lord Justice Fry, Sir William Grove, Sir Frederick Bramwell, Admiral Sir John Hay, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir Rutherford Alcock, General Sir F. Goldsmid, Lord Hobhouse, Lord Herschell, Sir Henry Peel, Lord Lingen, Sir Henry Doulton, Mr. Robert Browning, Sir Douglas Galton, General Sir Henry Thuyllier, General Sir Henry Lefroy, Sir Warington Smyth, Sir Howard Grubb, Sir William Thomson, Sir Charles Wilson, Sir B. Samuelson, Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir W. Roberts, Sir James Paget, Admiral Sir George Richards, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Francis Knowles, Sir Joseph Hooker, Dr. Frankland, Colonel Grant, Mr. Joseph Thomson, Professor Lookyer, Mr. W. H. Preece, Dr. Huggins, Captain Wharton, Professor Ray Lankester, Professor Judd, Dr. Pole, Professor Rücker, Sir Risdon Bennett, Professor Burdon Sanderson, Sir James Cockle, Professor G. H. Darwin, Mr. Francis Galton, Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney.

There was a varied and interesting exhibition of novelties in scientific apparatus, inventions, processes, experiments, and curious specimens, of which we present some illustrations; and others will be given in the next two numbers of this Journal.

Mr. Percy Newberry, by permission of the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, exhibited a marvellous collection of ancient wreaths and plant remains—of narcissus, rose, and amaranth—from the cemetery of Hawara, Egypt. These remains were discovered last year by Mr. Flinders Petrie, in coffins of the Ptolemaic period, and date from about the last century before Christ. They are fully described by Mr. Percy Newberry in Mr. Flinders Petrie's "Hawara, Biahmu, and Arsinoë," and were presented to Kew Gardens some few months since.

At the end of the main table stood a rare plant, just brought from Kew Gardens, where it opportunely flowered in time for the conversazione. Scientifically, it is *Amorphophallus Campanulatus*; otherwise, at certain stages of development, it rivals carrion in its fearful odour, and so deceives the blow-flies that they come and, in all confidence, lay their eggs upon it. The plant was brought from tropical Asia, and is very rare, though at Kew the authorities contrive to rear it.

The "Tainter" graphophone, exhibited by Mr. J. W. Howard, for Mr. H. Edmunds, the patentee, played a selection of pieces of music, from the works of Mendelssohn, by an arrangement differing somewhat from the mechanism of the phonograph, which Mr. Edison has successfully improved. Much notice was attracted by Mr. E. Muybridge's exhibition on the screen, with electric light, of a great number of photographs of animals and men walking or running, taken by batteries of cameras at the Pennsylvania State College. Aided by moving pictures of horses, lions, tigers, camels, cats, dogs, and children, he proved that there is one universal principle of bi-pedal locomotion; and he suggested the theory that originally all vertebrate animals moved at a walking pace.

A valuable instrument for teaching the facts of terrestrial hydrography was shown by Mr. A. W. Clayden, being a model illustrating the formation of ocean currents. The model is that of the Atlantic Ocean, for which real water is used, with lycopodium powder scattered over it. By a very ingenious arrangement a gentle blast of air is delivered on the surface in such a way as to set up a circulation of air resembling that of the atmosphere over the real ocean. The result is a system of currents strikingly resembling those of Nature. The model shows that the influence of a Panama Canal, or even a strait twenty miles wide, would be practically nothing; but if Central America could be removed, not a drop of the Gulf Stream would ever flow across the North Atlantic to the shores of Europe.

The English Horse Show Society's great London horse show opened on May 15 at Olympia. The entries were large.

Mr. Frederick Topham's first dramatic recital is announced for Monday afternoon, May 20.

Lord Leconfield has accepted the office of president of the Exhibition of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, to be held at Horsham, in Sussex, on July 9 and three following days.

The central transept of the Crystal Palace was bright with colour and sweet with perfume on May 11, when the great flower-show of the season was held. The prize-list divided the exhibits into forty-five classes, of which thirty-one were open and the remainder restricted to amateurs.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's National Debt Bill has been published. It alters the amount of the permanent annual charge for the National Debt to £25,000,000. Under the Sinking Fund Act of 1875 the amount was £28,000,000, and two years ago it was reduced to £26,000,000.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, again visited the Summer Exhibition of the 19th Century Art Society at the Conduit-street Galleries on May 13, and Mrs. Gladstone was pleased to accept a picture painted by Richard S. Marriott, one of the secretaries, which had attracted her attention.

Two donations have recently been made to the Royal Institution. Mrs. De la Rue has presented to it the philosophical apparatus of the late Dr. Warren De la Rue, which will be preserved there as commemorative of his important scientific work; and a fine portrait of Sir Humphry Davy has been presented by Mr. James Young, grandson of the late Dr. James Young, F.R.S., of Kelly.

Mr. J. R. Werner read a paper, at a meeting, on May 13, of the Royal Geographical Society, on the Congo and the Ngala and Aruwimi tributaries. A discussion followed on the recent letter from Mr. Stanley, the speakers including Sir F. De Winton, Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Grant, and Mr. Rose Troup. Testimony was borne to the courage displayed by Mr. Stanley and the geographical value of his explorations. It was stated that no further news had come from him.

The London County Council, at an adjourned meeting held on May 10, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, decided, by 42 votes to 40, to adopt the recommendation of a committee that the old Board Room at Spring-gardens should be enlarged and other alterations carried out, at a cost of about £10,000, thus avoiding, for the present, the expense of building new County Council offices.—Mr. Shirley Foster Murphy is to be appointed Medical Officer of Health for the county of London at a salary of £1000 a year.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The vast ranges of buildings erected for the Exhibition, as our readers have already learned, are not confined to the Champ de Mars, the well-known hitherto open space between the Ecole Militaire and the Seine at the Pont d'Iéna, but extend farther up the left bank of the river, along the Quai d'Orsay, to the Esplanade in front of the Hôtel des Invalides, which is the Chelsea Hospital of Paris, designed for the retreat of old military pensioners. The fantastic lanceolated architecture of the entrance-gateway on the Quai d'Orsay, which has a rather bizarre effect, with its nude statues elevated on the prows of boats, its complex pinnacles, spear-headed shafts, curved horns, and streaming pennons, is shown in one of our Illustrations.

It is, however, in the principal Exhibition structures, which occupy the Champ de Mars, the Palais des Beaux Arts on the one side, the Palais des Arts Libéraux on the other, the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris, and the grand dome crowning the front of the Palais des Expositions Diverses, overlooking the spacious ornamental garden towards the stupendous Eiffel Tower, that the most imposing architectural features are combined. The central dome, rising to a height of nearly 200 ft., is truly magnificent; and our Illustration will show the noble support that it receives from a façade of massive proportions, boldly original in design, which seems to lift the dome itself on a wide arch between two piers of great apparent solidity. This arch is richly emblazoned with armorial devices in many colours, and is decorated above with variegated bosses, while graceful sculptured figures adorn the upper pediment. Below, to the right hand and to the left of the grand entrance, are groups of statuary; the one, by M. Gauthier, representing Industry; the other, Commerce, by M. Gauthier. Each pier is surmounted by a modest pinnacle, with a shaft bearing a festal pennon. The dome, strongly ribbed, splendidly gilt, coloured, and ornamented, its compartments filled with glass and its buttresses and roof occupied by winged mystic figures, terminates in a crown-shaped cupola, surmounted by M. Delaplanche's statue of "France," with the olive-branch held out to all nations, and with a wreath in her left hand, to be given to deserving competitors at her Exhibition.

The following are the numbers of visitors to the Exhibition, and the numbers of tickets delivered during the first five days on which it was open:—On May 6, 112,294 visitors and 333,884 tickets; on May 7, 51,142 visitors and 59,608 tickets; on May 8, 49,182 visitors and 49,751 tickets; on May 9, 47,483 visitors and 51,056 tickets; and on May 10, 36,322 visitors and 39,690 tickets. Thus there were in all 296,423 visitors and 533,989 tickets. In 1878 the Exhibition opened on May 1, and the receipts during the first ten days did not exceed 286,811 tickets. The balance, then, in favour of the Exhibition of 1889, when it had only been open five days, is 247,178 tickets.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London arrived in Paris on May 8, with their State equipage, and have visited the Exhibition. On May 11 the Municipal Council of Paris gave a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville to the President of the French Republic, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the Ministers and heads of the magistracy and other national institutions, the Commissioners, directors, and managers of the Exhibition, and the representatives of foreign municipalities, amongst whom the Lord Mayor of London had a most cordial reception. The Lord Mayor on Monday, May 13, entertained M. Tirard, the French Prime Minister, the Prefect of the Seine, the chiefs of the Paris Municipality, and the French and English Commissioners of the Exhibition, with a banquet at the Grand Hotel.

An important decision affecting the law of bigamy was delivered on May 11, in the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved. Two women, who, in the belief that their husbands were dead, had married again shortly before the expiration of the seven years after which a prosecution for bigamy cannot be instituted, were prosecuted and convicted. The cases were brought before fourteen Judges, who were divided in opinion, five being in favour of the convictions and nine against. The convictions were accordingly quashed.

AMERICAN ART.

An exhibition of American Decorative Art at Messrs. Johnstone, Norman, and Co.'s Galleries (67, New Bond-street) offers itself so modestly to public attention that one is tempted to regard it at first sight as little more than a dealer's show. This, we are assured, is not the case; but we must say that it would have been more in accordance with our insular prejudices had the exhibition been authenticated by some names known in the American art-world. Acting however, upon the well-known proverb, we need not be too scrupulous in our search for the motives of this attractive display, of which the chief fault, in our eyes, is that it is too meagre to give an adequate idea of contemporary art on the other side of the Atlantic. It would be foolish for our own or European manufacturers and producers to comfort themselves with the thought that American art is merely imitative. Even if this were the case—and it is true of one or two branches—the rapid development of the arts of decoration and design in the United States

The coloured and bejewelled glass of Mr. John Lafarge is fairly well known in this country; but with all its beauty of both colour and design we regard it as far more appropriate for house-decoration than for religious work. The effects he obtains are often very remarkable, but there is always a sense of striving after an unattainable result which, if emphasised in large stained-glass windows would destroy the grandeur and repose one demands from them. Still better known also are the "Low Tiles," manufactured by Messrs. Low, of Chelsea, Massachusetts. From their delicate and varied shadings—the result of accident—these tiles have acquired a wide and well-deserved popularity, and the admirable care and taste with which the embossed tiles and more complicated modelings are now being carried out will make them formidable competitors to our home industry. From the Rookwood Pottery, which comes from Cincinnati, the dangers are less imminent; but it is none the less obvious that its producers are possessed of a secret which enables them to give remarkable depth and softness of colour to their designs, and it will be necessary for our potters to bestir themselves if they wish to retain their hold upon public taste.

Of wrought-iron work there is only one specimen—a bell and handle, by Mr. John Williams, of New York. The dragon which forms the handle is purely Japanese in design, but the work is sharp and firm. In like manner the Moorish fret-work of Messrs. Ransom, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the leather-work of Messrs. Yandell, of New York, are merely reproductions of old designs, making no attempt to suggest original or imaginative work. This, however, will be no bar to their popularity here or elsewhere; and consequently the only consolation which the European art-craftsman can find in such an exhibition as the present lies in the fact—possibly a passing condition—that the cost of producing in the States works of art, of which specimens are here brought together, is so great that for the present they can only be patronised by the very wealthy.

A VISIT TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Captain Smith, of the barque Firth of Clyde, which has arrived from San Francisco, makes the following report of a visit to Pitcairn's Island:—"On Feb. 9, twenty-eight days out from the Golden Gate, I laid to off Adams-town, Pitcairn Islands, and Mr. M'Coy, chief magistrate, and five men came off in their whale-boat. They brought pumpkins, cocoa-nuts, pineapples, bananas, eggs, and a beautiful bunch of flowers. Mrs. M'Coy also sent half a cooked fowl and a piece of pudding made from sweet potatoes and Indian corn for the Captain's dinner, whoever he might be. I had the greatest difficulty to get them to accept of anything, it being their Sabbath day. They hold the seventh day of the week instead of the first. Their reason for so doing is in obedience to the Fourth Commandment. The only thing Mr. M'Coy would accept was some wine for communion purposes and some medicine. I supplied them with all the latest newspapers, both American and English, which were thankfully received. Religious books were eagerly sought after, also the *Christian Herald*. Mr.

M'Coy held Divine service on board, and a number of Moody and Sankey's hymns were sung. There were 117 souls on the island—45 males and 72 females; 38 of this number are children. They were all in good health. They take a lively interest in the doings of the outer world, and were well posted in American politics. After remaining for about two hours, the islanders took their leave, and we bade adieu to one of the brightest spots in this dreary waste of waters."

Raids were made early on Sunday morning, May 12, on the Field Club, Park-place, and on the Adelphi Club, it being suspected that gambling was carried on at both places. The persons arrested at the first-named club were taken to Vine-street Station, and those at the other club to Bow-street. On the 13th the persons apprehended were brought up at the Marlborough-street and Bow-street Police-Courts, charged chiefly with keeping and using the premises as gaming-houses, although several were charged only with being on the premises. The number of defendants is sixty-seven, including three sprigs of the nobility. The police evidence of the arrest was given, and the proceedings were adjourned, in the case at Marlborough-street for a week, and at Bow-street to Thursday. All the defendants were admitted to bail.



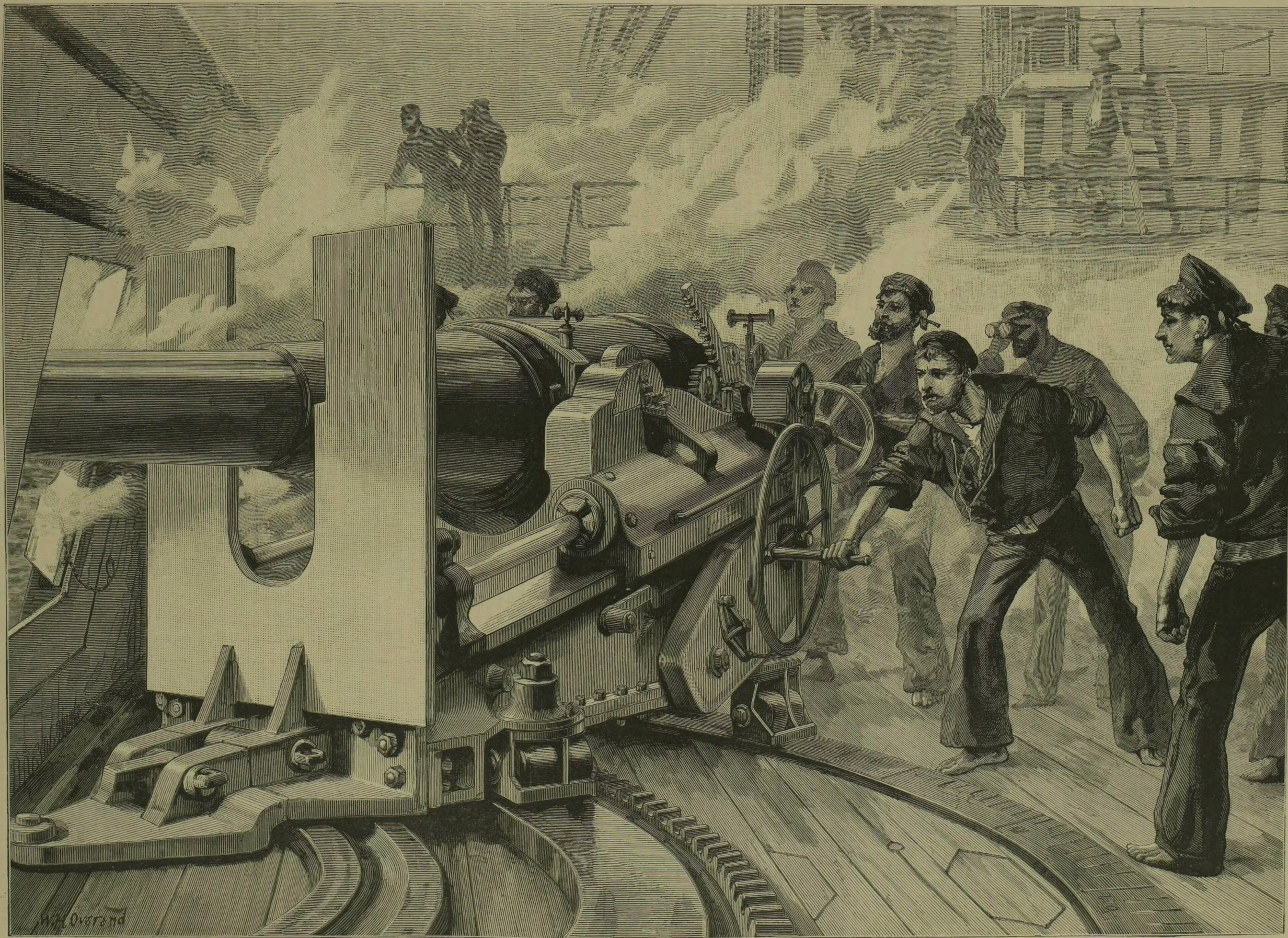
PARIS EXHIBITION: ENTRANCE AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

should make it obvious that the New World will not long be dependent upon the Old for the satisfying of its most superfluous requirements.

The scope of the exhibition includes a small but fairly representative display of the work of the Society of American Etchers, whose president, Mr. Thomas Moran, contributes, amongst other works, an etching of his famous picture of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," a rugged snowclad peak among the "Rockies," and one of the glories of Colorado. Mr. Stephen Parrish's seaport studies and Mr. Henry Farrer's woodland scenes are among the best of the etchings exhibited. Of even greater interest, perhaps, and certainly appealing to a much wider public, are the textile products of the Associated Artists of New York, founded by Mrs. Candace Wheeler on the lines of our School of Art-Needlework at South Kensington. The material used for the groundwork of many of the embroideries described as "needlewoven tapestry" is deserving of careful scrutiny, for it shows to what degree of perfection loom-work has already been brought in New York. The designs are, for the most part, imitative; but we cannot but express hearty admiration of Miss Dora Wheeler's "Birth of Psyche" and "Wood Sprites"; of Miss Clark's colour-study "Dragon," and Miss Ward's "Waterways."



PARIS EXHIBITION: THE CENTRAL DOME.



LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.—PRACTICE WITH A SIX-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN: "A HIT!"

NAVAL GUNNERY PRACTICE.

Life, work, and drill, on board one of her Majesty's ships of war, should always be interesting to the most pacific English landmen, who feel convinced that, under Divine Providence, with the wisest and most equitable policy in the counsels of our statesmen, it is in the completeness of our naval preparations, and in the science, skill, and valour of those who are instructed to fight at sea, that we must find means of defence for the shores and harbours of Great Britain and Ireland, for those of the British Colonies all over the globe, and for a maritime commerce without which the people of England would be starved in a few weeks. The truth of this opinion is not less but more evident now than it was at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar; but in the construction of naval ordnance, in the practice of naval gunnery, and in the fortification of ships with armour-plating, to resist shot and shell, vast changes have been made during the past thirty-five years. Nelson's ship at Trafalgar carried only thirty-two pounders and smaller guns; in 1837, the largest ship-gun was a forty-two pounder, the gun weighing about 84 cwt.; but now, when H.M.S. Benbow, H.M.S. Victoria, and others, are armed with guns each weighing 111 tons, which discharge projectiles of 1800 lb. weight, having an initial force approaching the pressure of sixty thousand tons where they strike, we should look on Nelson's weapons as mere pop-guns. It is to be hoped that as good Admirals and Captains and officers of all ranks, and sailors as brave and ready as those whom England reared in the last century, will always be found in the British Navy.

The six-inch breech-loading gun, represented in our Engraving, is one of the most recent productions of the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich. It is intended for the secondary armament of ironclads, and for the primary armament of cruisers, though, in this latter case, it is already almost superseded by the 100-pounder quick-firing gun. It consists essentially of a rifled steel inner or "A" tube, reinforced by steel hoops, built up on what is known as the Maitland system. The gun is 14½ ft. long, and fires a charge of 42 lb. of pebble powder, which gives to its projectile, of 100 lb. weight, a muzzle velocity of 1850 ft. per second, or, roughly, over 1200 miles per hour, with a range of 10,000 yards, or about 5½ miles, which is about the distance from London Bridge to the summit of Hampstead-heath. This 100-lb. projectile contains either a bursting charge of nearly 9 lb. of powder, or, when it is intended to be fired against ironclads, the projectile is made of steel, without a burster, and is then capable of piercing 11 inches of steel, at 1000 yards' range.

In our Illustration, the gun is mounted on what is known as the Vasseur broadside mounting (Mark II.), which only allows the gun to recoil eighteen inches on firing. This mounting consists of a slide, pivoted in the ship's side, on which travel the two hydraulic recoil presses, which form the carriage. Cogged wheels are used to train, that is, to alter the horizontal direction of the gun; and, by ingenious arrangements, both this operation, and that of elevating, can be performed whilst the gun is actually being fired.

In the naval drill, as shown, the gun's crew for a single gun consists of five men and one powderman. When in the act of firing, No. 1, or the captain of the gun, as he is called, lays and fires the gun; No. 3 attends the elevating-wheel, by order from No. 1; and the remaining numbers man the training-wheel, and alter the direction of the gun, in accordance with the signals that No. 1 makes with his left hand.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

Recently Vesuvius has been more active than usual. Numerous convulsions in the interior resulted in the rending and then the collapse of the last new cone at the top of the mountain. "We are so used," the Naples Correspondent of the *Daily News* says, "to these changes at the extreme summit that it is no new thing to see from Naples that the point of the active crater has fallen in, and the top of the mountain has been reduced to the flatter shape which is its normal form. On this occasion, a stream of lava issued from the east side of the cone, and was thus invisible from Naples. It ran about one third of the distance down the entire mountain. . . . I extract the most interesting passages from the report of Signor Scarfoglio, of the *Corriere di Napoli*, who repaired to Vesuvius on May 4, to see, at any rate, the changes wrought by the last eruption, even if he was too late to witness the new lava stream."

"He writes: 'The mountain presented the most magnificent spectacle. A man who had been on the cone on May 3 said that he felt the vibration of the mountain so much that he became sick, and he declares that the motion was accompanied by subterranean thunder. The lava and ashes which fell in obstructed the mouth of the crater, causing it to split at the base of the latest cone on the eastern side. I walked along the edge of this new opening, which is about 60 ft. wide and at least 1500 ft. long, and descends in a straight line, like a colossal ravine. Its depths are hidden by the sulphurous smoke which ascends from it. The lava has run along this ravine for about a mile, dividing into two streams, one of which has already stopped, while the other is flowing slowly on, a small column of smoke indicating its course. It rolls in the black bed of the old lava, towards San Giuseppe; but this village is still three miles away from the fiery stream, and is in no danger. All shocks of earthquake and explosive sounds have already ceased; around the broken crater the lava is split into larger or smaller crevices, some almost too wide to leap over. Smoke issues from the crater in great abundance, but no more heated matter is being cast up, and the opening is closed by the debris. Who knows where the liquid lava within Vesuvius will find a new outlet? One thing is certain. The mountain is much weakened at the part where the eruption took place, and the side above Resina is the safest.'

"It would seem from this report that, even should the liquid lava within Vesuvius rush upward with such force as it did in 1872, the region towards and around Pompeii would be in most danger, while the thickly inhabited coast at Torre del Greco, Resina and Portici would be safe. No one can tell whether this last overflow of lava will be the conclusion of the phase of gentle activity of the last few months, or whether it will be the commencement of a still more energetic period."

The Lord Chancellor presided, on May 11, at the seventy-fourth anniversary dinner in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Society, when contributions amounting to more than £3000 were announced.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting in connection with the British Home for Incurables was held on May 9 at the Cannon-street Hotel—Earl Amherst in the chair. The report presented stated that for the year just ended there had been a large falling off both in annual subscriptions and donations, more especially in the latter. Nevertheless, the Home's finances for the year end with a balance in favour of £4805. There are now forty-nine in-patients on the books of the institution, and 285 out-patients. The sum paid in pensions during the year amounted to £5670, the largest amount yet given to annuitants in one year.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PHILOSOPHY OF DINNER.

A certain friend of mine, who is by no means a gourmand, even if he may be said to represent the gourmet stage of human architecture, is much given to consider his dinner as "the great event of the day." Lately, a candid acquaintance told him that he "only lived to dine;" whereupon I felt impelled to controvert the assertion by the remark that, more truly, our friend might be said to dine in order to live. This difference of opinion naturally originated a discussion about dinners and food generally. Few persons, I fancy, ever seek to inquire why they eat their dinner at all. It is a tremendous business this perpetual round of food-getting and of food-taking; yet it is one which finds its best excuse, if excuse be needed, in the thoroughly natural and rational character of the proceeding. To enjoy one's dinner is a very fair sign of a general appreciation of life at large. It is a highly sensible thing to eat well—mark, I do not say to gormandise—and to enjoy what one eats, because, upon a fair measure of such enjoyment, health itself can be shown to depend. Your ascetic personage, who, theoretically at least, dotes on his pulse and water, adores meagre fare, and mortifies the flesh on dry bread and weak tea, is never, in my experience of humanity, a thoroughly rational man. He may be, and very likely is, an enthusiast in many things, and a most worthy and conscientious person to boot; but he is not the type of healthy manhood, after all is said and done. I do not doubt that most of us well-to-do folk eat just a little too much, as a rule; while it is equally certain that a very large number of persons do not eat half enough—for the very plain reason that they cannot get their quantum of food at all. But whether one deals with the gourmet or the ascetic, science in its admirable catholicity has one thing, and one only, to say—namely, that it behoves us all to dine, and, if possible, to dine well. If, as the old proverb has it, "Manners maketh the man," one might well add that a good dinner may also claim some credit towards that very desirable consummation.

"Why we eat our dinner?" is, in truth, a question easier to ask than to answer; but, all the same, it is an inquiry about which the mind, for its own satisfaction, feels some anxiety as regards a reply. It is very obvious that the demand for dinner, or, in other words, the necessity for food, is paramount throughout life's domain. My housemaid, for instance, has just set the vegetable kingdom, represented by my ferns and other plants, in order for the day. She has watered the various members of the plant world which adorn my window, and has, so to speak, discharged her bounden duty to a certain number of life's children. By-and-by my cats will be crying for food like a parcel of hungry ravens; and my Dalmatian in his kennel begins to sniff the odours of the outer world about the dinner-hour, with great regularity and with a punctuality which, were it other than spontaneous, would be deserving of high praise. The demand for dinner, then, is universal. My plants require it; my cats demand it; my dog insists on his daily ration; and it is very obvious that serenity of temper in the human species is directly associated with the promise and enjoyment of a fairly-adequate table. Let us try to discover, then, whether or not the philosophy of dining has behind it a fair share of science. The enjoyment of dinner will not be lessened but enhanced if, perchance, we may find a scientific basis for the pursuit of this necessary habit.

Political economy, I believe, lays it down as an acceptable axiom that unless a man works he shall not eat. The loafer, it is contended (as I understand the "dismal science" of Carlyle), being a non-producer, should also be a non-consumer. He has no right, say the economists, to feed on the produce of working members of the community. Now, this strikes one as being all very reasonable; only the rule is not an absolute one. I have to pay poor-rates for the support of pauper lunatics who are non-producers; and we do not club and brain our aged and non-productive relatives, after the fashion of certain savage—some enthusiasts in these latter days would call them enlightened—tribes resident somewhere in the South Pacific seas. Yet, it is clear that, whether we are dealing with workers or loafers, all of us demand dinner as a natural right. Whether we idle or work, we must all of us eat; and, if my experience of life counts for anything at all, I should say that the idlers are always first in at table when the gong sounds for lunch or for any other nutritive celebration. Suppose that, addressing our idle Jack or Tom, the man of economics tells him he has no right, as an idler and a non-producer, to share in the delights of the table; what may be the reply of the loafer? If he be a person of a scientific turn of mind, he will really lead us into an interesting philosophy of dining. He will begin by utterly denying the assertion that he is an idler at all. He may not be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water—nay, he may lie on his back all day basking in the sun, or he may "whittle a stick," which latter is an agreeable and by no means onerous manner of occupying the hours of day; yet, despite his idleness, he may lay claim to the title of a real worker.

He will tell us that within his chest a pumping-engine, for the existence and salubrity of which he is morally and physically responsible, beats and works perpetually. This heart of his, he will inform us, by strictly scientific calculations, does work in twenty-four hours equal to that represented by the force which lifts 120 tons one foot high. This is the measure of a man's heart-work in twenty-four hours, and it is obvious this work must be performed whether the man is asleep or awake, idle or laborious. Then comes the work of his chest. Breathing in twenty-four hours means twenty-one "foot-tons" of work; that is to say, the muscles of respiration perform an amount of work in twenty-four hours, equal to lifting twenty-one tons' weight one foot high. But these items are only two among an infinite number, all relating to the work of the body. Every wink of an eyelid means so much work. Every thought which courses over the brain's grey matter implies work. Even in sleep, we do not still heart nor lungs; and many other actions of the body proceed regularly during the watches of the night. So that it becomes clear that, whatever extra work (and this item is undoubtedly large) a man's daily toil entails, there can be, in a scientific sense, no such thing as an idle man. For the veriest loafer has a body which works incessantly, and he differs from his diligent neighbour only in the fact that the latter superadds to his body's own inward toil, the labour of his hands or of his brain.

Equally clear is it that all work means waste. The body which works must show a proportionate wear-and-tear. Again, this wear-and-tear demands renewal and repair; and we arrive at the philosophy of dining at last, when we discern that in our dinner we expect to find the material wherewith to repair the constant loss to which life is perpetually subjected. This is the only true explanation of why we eat our dinner; and it is an eminently satisfactory one, when all is said and done. For if dinner represents the repair of our perennial waste, then to dine well and to dine agreeably, form features of life which are invaluable, in that they tend to discharge effectively a phase of physical labour which lies at the very foundation of healthy life.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

The gregarious and infectious character of popular movements in the Western States of the American Union has recently been exemplified by the sudden rush of agricultural settlers and speculators in free grants of land to this tract of land, the situation of which is shown by our map. The United States Government had reserved, until now, a region known as the Indian Territory—set apart for the use of the Indians—which has Texas on the south and west, Kansas on the north, and Arkansas on the east. Oklahoma lies in the very centre of the Indian Territory. The total area of the Indian Territory is 41,000,000 acres, while that of Oklahoma is only 2,000,000 acres. It has been surveyed and mapped, like all the other public lands of the States, and is divided into eighty-five townships. It forms a wedge, with the head to the north and the point to the south, between the several tracts or subdivisions which have been set apart for the most civilised Indians. The Creeks are on the east, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the west, the "Cherokee Strip" on the north, and the Chickasaws on the south.

The resumption of this block in the very heart of the Indian Territory is accounted for by a long series of treaties and orders which it would be tedious to relate. The Oklahoma boundary begins at the north-west corner of the Creek nation, thence goes west one hundred miles to the Cimarron river, thence southerly along that river to where a longitudinal line drawn ten miles east of the 98th parallel crosses it; thence due south to the Canadian river, thence south-easterly along that river to the Indian meridian, north to the Cimarron river, and down it to the starting point.

During the civil war, previously to 1866, the Creeks and Seminoles held the district known as Oklahoma; but they forfeited all rights under the treaties by entering into hostile treaty stipulations with the South. In this way, by the treaty dated June 14, 1866, Oklahoma became public land. The United States paid thirty cents per acre for their cession, and fifteen cents per acre for the lands given up by the Seminoles. It was the intention of the Government to send other Indians and freedmen to occupy these lands; but this intention was never carried out, and the lands have been a great source of trouble. The right to settle there has often been asserted and actual possession taken by "boomers." The Law Courts have decided that these "boomers" were right, and that any citizen of the States is at liberty to take possession. Meantime, "cattlemen" (under illegal arrangements with the Indians) had made use of the lands, and were against their being thrown open.

The famous David Payne, the well-known frontiersman, set out in December, 1880, with 600 followers and 325 waggons, to enter the promised land; but he was followed by United States troops, so that he had hardly reached the Kansas line when he was arrested and his colony disbanded.

Although it was advised in certain quarters to restore Oklahoma to the Indians, it has now been thrown unreservedly open. It is perfectly accessible by railway, one recently-constructed line cutting it from north to south, and will no doubt soon settle down to civilised life.

It must not be thought that the Indian Territory is a country occupied solely by Indians. Living among them are many thousands of whites, and negroes who were formerly slaves. At the last census there were of the five "civilised" tribes—Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles—64,000 who were "citizens" (45,000 speaking English). Of other tribes there were 18,530 Indians, also 30,000 whites lawfully on the reservation, and 6000 whites unlawfully. A considerable area is under culture, schools have been established for many years, and other civilising agencies are at work among these Indians.

BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Although Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, was founded a century ago, and that colony is the oldest, and all but the greatest in many respects, of the Australian colonies, there are still places in the Blue Mountain region, not far from the capital city, which, till very recently, were little explored. Mr. F. B. Gibbs, C.E., late of the 35th Regiment, in a paper which he has read to the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, at Sydney, describes a new line surveyed by him, through a district hitherto almost unknown, selected for the route of a projected railway. He is a well-known scientific explorer, both in Australasia and India; and was a prominent member of the late Royal Commission upon water conservation, held in Sydney. Those who have given any attention to the geography of Australia, and who know the course of the existing colonial railways, will bear in mind the wonderful "zig-zag" part of the New South Wales Western line. This great engineering feat enables traffic to cross the great Blue Mountain range on its way west from Sydney to Bourke, a distance in all of 470 miles. The "zig-zag" cost over £33,000 per mile; the proposed new line, which will relieve the traffic on the old line, will be constructed by a private company, formed to work the coal discovered by Mr. Gipps on the Warragamba, at a cost of about £8000 per mile. The new line will branch off at Blacktown from the Western line, twenty-two miles from Sydney, and after traversing eighteen miles of light, rolling, grass country to Mulgoa—a rising orchard and corn country—will cross the Nepean river there. Our view of this river, which supplies Sydney with water more or less pure, is taken close to the site of the proposed railway bridge. From the Nepean the line will run up the picturesque and precipitous gorge of the Warragamba for twelve miles to the junction of the Cox and Wollendilly rivers; then up the left bank of the Cox for five miles, when this river will be crossed, and the Kowmung range ascended by a very gradual incline (of one in sixty). Running along this for twenty-six miles, the line will gradually ascend, until the great East and West range is met with; and this will be followed for ninety miles to the township of Blayney, where a junction will be again effected with the Western line. The highest point on the new line will be 3850 ft. above sea-level, at a place called Shooter's Hill. Not many miles from here are the famous Jenolan caves, and those of the Wanbean; a great waterfall, at present not named, will also prove a new centre of attraction upon the head waters of the Kangaroo river, only a short day's ride from the new line of railway.

Our Sketches are by Mr. A. J. Vogan, whose recent discoveries of thermal springs in Queensland we lately illustrated. This gentleman, who rode across North Queensland last year, a distance of 800 miles, is now engaged upon an exploratory trip across Australia about longitude 142 deg. east (a distance of over 1000 miles), so we may expect to be able to give our readers some interesting descriptions of places little known in Central Australia.

The Queen has forwarded fifty guineas to the Royal Maternity Charity in Finsbury-square, of which her Majesty is patron.

The accounts of the Glasgow International Exhibition have been issued, showing that the total income amounted to £225,000, the profits being placed at £41,000.

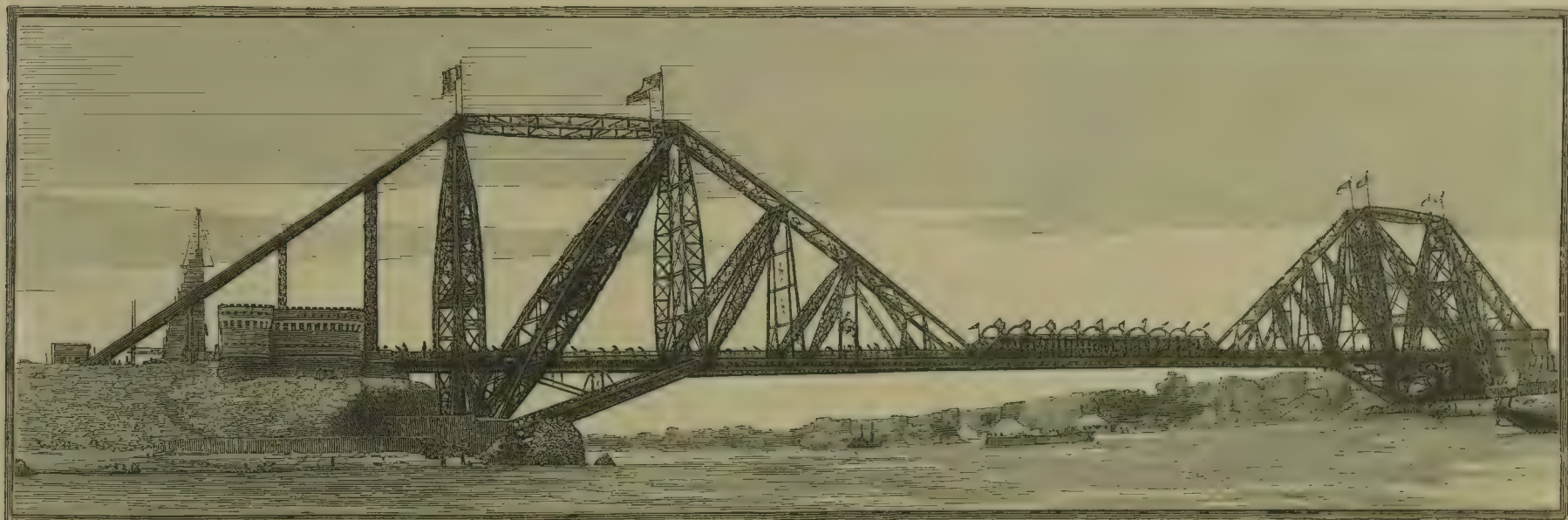
BRIDGE
OVER THE
INDUS
AT SUKKUR.

On March 27, Lord Reay, Governor of the Bombay Presidency, opened the railway bridge over the Indus, at Sukkur; which completes the railway communication between India and the fortress of Quetta, in Beloochistan, the permanent military camp of Pishin, and the frontier of Afghanistan, where the Khojak Amram tunnel, when finished, will bring the railway to the plain of Candahar. It is nearly twenty years since such a bridge was seen to be necessary in connection with the Indus Valley State Railway. The Indus is broad and flows rapidly between high banks. Fortunately, an island named Bukkur lies in mid-stream, and half-way between the opposite towns of Sukkur and Rohri. Sukkur is on the right bank and Rohri on the left or Indian. The three first crossings named did not contemplate using Bukkur Island, and one after another they were given up. The Rohri-crossing itself, which utilised that island, was finally set aside in favour of an improved crossing

known as the Hadji Moti — the difference between the two being that the bridge from Bukkur to Rohri is a little lower down than that from Sukkur to Bukkur. The bridge from Sukkur to Bukkur consists of three spans, the longest of which is 271 ft., is composed of ordinary girders, and was completed as long ago as March, 1885. The more remarkable engineering feat is the bridge from Bukkur to Rohri, generally designated as the Sukkur Bridge. This was made on the cantilever principle. The breadth of this bridge is 790 ft. From each side projects a cantilever of 310 ft., and the connecting link is supplied by a girder 200 ft. in length. The bridge was designed by Sir A. Rendel, and was constructed by Messrs. Westwood and Baillie, of Poplar. It was sent out in pieces and fitted on the spot under the direction of Mr. F. E. Robertson, the superintending engineer, within sixteen months of their arrival on the Indus. It is named after the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. F. Bremner, of Kurrachee.



MAP OF THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NEW TERRITORY OF OKLAHOMA.



THE LANSDOWNE BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT SUKKUR, ON THE RAILWAY TO QUETTA AND CANDAHAR.



SITE OF PROPOSED RAILWAY BRIDGE ON THE NEPEAN RIVER.



LAST SETTLER'S HOUSE ON THE COX RIVER, LOOKING UP VALLEY OF THE KOWMUNG RANGE.

VIEWS ON THE ROUTE OF THE PROJECTED RAILWAY IN THE BLUE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE LAST MISERY OF HARMACHIS; OF THE CALLING DOWN OF THE HOLY ISIS BY THE WORD OF FEAR; OF THE PROMISE OF ISIS; OF THE COMING OF ATOUA, AND OF THE WORDS OF ATOUA.



crouched upon the floor gazing at the dead body of my father, who had lived to curse me, the utterly accursed, while the darkness crept and gathered round us, till at length the dead and I were alone in the black silence. Oh, how tell the misery of that hour?—imagination cannot dream it, nor words paint it forth! Once more in my wretchedness I be-thought me of death. A knife was at my girdle, wherewith I might cut the thread of sorrow and set my spirit free. Free? aye, free to fly to face the last vengeance of the holy Gods! Alas! and alas! I did not dare to die. Better the earth with all its woes than the quick approach of those unimagined terrors that, hovering in dim Amenti, wait the advent of the fallen.

I grovelled on the ground and wept tears of agony for the lost, unchanging past—wept till I could weep no more; but from the silence came no answer, no answer but the echoes of my grief. Not a ray of hope! My soul wandered in a darkness more utter than that which was about me—I was forsaken of the Gods and cast out of men. Terror took hold upon me, crouching in that lonely place hard by the majesty of the awful dead. I rose to fly. How could I fly in this gloom?—how find my path down the passages and amid the columns? And where should I fly who had no place of refuge? Once more I crouched down, and the great fear grew on me till the cold sweat ran from my brow and my soul was faint within me. Then, in my last despair, I prayed aloud to Isis, to whom I had not dared to pray for many days.

"O Isis! Holy Mother!" I cried; "put away Thy wrath, and of Thine infinite pity, O Thou all pitiful, hearken to the voice of the anguish of him who was Thy son and servant, but who by sin hath fallen from the vision of Thy love." O throned Glory, who, being in all things, hast of all things understanding and of all griefs knowledge, cast the weight of Thy mercy against the scale of my evil-doing, and make the balance equal. Look down upon my woe, and measure it; count up the sum of my repentance, and take Thou note of the flood of sorrow that sweeps my soul away. O Thou Holy, whom it was given to me to look upon face to face, by that dread hour of commune I summon Thee; I summon Thee by the mystic word. Come, then, in mercy, to save me; or, in fury, to make an end of that which can no more be borne."

And, rising from my knees, I stretched out my arms and dared to cry aloud the Word of Fear, the which to use unworthily is death. Swiftly the answer came. For in the silence I heard the sound of the shaken sistra heralding the coming of the Glory. Then, at the far end of the chamber, grew the semblance of the horned moon, gleaming faintly in the darkness, and twixt the golden horns rested the small dark cloud, in and out whereof the fiery serpent climbed. And my knees waxed loose in the presence of the Glory, and I sank down before it. Then spake the small, sweet voice within the cloud—

"Harmachis, who wast my servant and my son, I have heard thy prayer, and the summons that thou hast dared to utter, which on the lips of one with whom I have communed, hath power to draw me from the Uttermost. No more, Harmachis, may we be one in the bond of love divine, for me hast thou put away of thine own act. Therefore, after this long silence I come, Harmachis, clothed in terrors, and, perchance, ready for vengeance, for not lightly can Isis be drawn from the halls of her Divinity."

"Smite, Goddess!" I answered. "Smite, and give me over to those who wreak Thy vengeance; for no longer can I bear the burden of my woe!"

"And if thou canst not bear thy burden here, upon this upper earth," came the soft reply, "how then shalt thou bear the greater burden that shall be laid upon thee there, coming defiled and yet unpurified into my dim realm of Death, that is Life and Change unending? Nay, Harmachis, I smite not, for not all am I wroth that thou hast dared to utter the awful word which calls me down to thee. Harken, Harmachis; I praise not, and I reproach not, for I am the Minister of reward and punishment and the Executor of Decrees; and if I give, I give in silence; and if I smite, in silence do I smite. Therefore, naught will I add to thy burden by the weight of heavy words, though through thee has it come to pass that soon shall Isis, the Mystery, be but a memory in Egypt. Thou hast sinned, and heavy shall be thy punishment, as I did warn thee, both in the flesh and in my kingdom of Amenti. But I told thee that there is a road of repentance, and surely thy feet are set thereon, and therein must thou walk with a humble heart, eating of the bread of bitterness, till such time as thy doom be measured."

"Have I, then, no hope, O Holy?"

"That which is done, Harmachis, is done, nor can its issues be altered. Khem shall no more be free till all its temples are as the desert dust; strange peoples shall, from age to age, hold her hostage and in bonds; new religions shall arise and wither within the shadows of her pyramids, for to every World, Race, and Age the countenances of the Gods are changed. This is the tree that shall spring from thy seed of sin, Harmachis, and from the sin of those who tempted thee!"

"Alas! I am undone!" I cried.

"Yea, thou art undone; and yet shall this be given to thee: thy destroyer shalt thou destroy—for so, in the purpose of my justice, is it ordained. When the sign comes to thee, arise, go to Cleopatra, and in such manner as I shall put into thy heart do Heaven's vengeance on her! And now for

thyself one word, for thou hast put Me from thee, Harmachis; and no more shall I come face to face with thee till, cycles hence, the last fruit of thy sin hath ceased to be upon this earth! Yet, through the vastness of the unnumbered years, remember thou this: that love Divine is love eternal, which cannot be extinguished, though everlastingly it be estranged. Repent, my servant; repent and do well while there is yet time, that at the dim end of ages once more thou mayst be gathered unto Me. Still, Harmachis, though thou seest Me not; still when the very name by which thou knowest Me has become a meaningless mystery to those who shall be after thee; still I, whose hours are eternal—I, who have watched Universes wither, wane, and, 'neath the breath of Time, melt into nothingness; again to gather, and, reborn, thread the vast maze of space—still, I say, shall I companion thee. Wherever thou goest, in whatever form of life thou livest, there shall I be! Art thou wafled to the farthest star, art thou buried in Amenti's lowest deep—in lives, in deaths, in sleeps, in wakings, in remembrances, in oblivions, in all the fevers of the outer Life, in all the changes of the Spirit—still, if thou wilt but atone and forget Me no more, I shall be with thee, waiting thine hour of redemption. For this is the nature of the love Divine, wherewith It loves that which doth partake of its divinity and hath once by the holy tie been bound to it. Judge then, Harmachis: was it well to put this from thee to win the prize of earthly woman? And, now, dare not again to utter the Word of Power till these things be done! Harmachis, for this season, fare thee well."

As the last note of the sweet voice died away, the fiery snake climbed into the heart of the cloud. Now the cloud rolled from the horns of light, and was gathered into the blackness. The vision of the crescent moon grew dim and vanished. Then as the Goddess passed, once more came the faint and dreadful music of the shaken sistra, and all was still.

I hid my face in my robe, and even then, though my outstretched hand could touch the chill corpse of that father who had died cursing me, I felt hope come back into my heart, knowing that I was not altogether lost nor utterly rejected of Her whom I had forsaken, but whom yet I loved. And then weariness overpowered me, and I slept.

I woke, the faint lights of dawn were creeping from the opening in the roof. Ghostly they lay upon the shadowy sculptured walls and ghostly upon the dead face and long white beard of my father, the gathered to Osiris. I started up, remembering all things, and wondering in my heart what I should do, and as I rose I heard a faint footfall creeping down the passage of the names of the Pharaohs.

"La! la! la!" mumbled a voice that I knew for the voice of the old wife, Atoua. "Why, 'tis dark as the House of the Dead! The holy ones who built this Temple loved not the blessed sun, however much they worshipped him. Now, where's the curtain?"

Presently it was drawn, and Atoua entered, a stick in one hand and in the other a basket. Her face was somewhat more wrinkled and her scanty locks were somewhat more white than aforetime, but for the rest she was as she had ever been. She stood and peered around with her sharp black eyes, for because of the shadows as yet naught could she see.

"Now where is he?" she muttered. "Osiris—glory to his name!—send that he has not wandered in the night, and he blind! Alack! that I could not return before the dark. Alack! and alack! what times have we fallen on, when the Holy High Priest and the Governor, by descent, of Abouthis, is left with one aged crone to minister to his infirmity! O Harmachis, my poor boy, thou hast laid trouble at our doors! Why, what's this? Surely he sleeps not, there upon the ground?—'t will be his death! Prince! Holy Father! Amenemhat! awake, arise!" and she hobbled toward the corpse. "Why, how is it? By Him who sleeps, he's dead! untended and alone—dead! dead!" and she sent her long wail of grief ringing up the sculptured walls.

"Hush! woman; be still!" I said, gliding from the shadows.

"Oh, what art thou?" she cried, casting down her basket. "Wicked man, hast thou murdered this holy One, the only holy One in Egypt? Surely the curse will fall on thee, for though the Gods do seem to have forsaken us now in our hour of trial, yet is their arm long and certainly they will be avenged on him who hath slain their anointed!"

"Look on me, Atoua," I cried. "Look! aye, I look—thou wicked wanderer who hast dared this cruel deed! Harmachis is a traitor and lost far away, and Amenemhat his holy father is murdered, and now I'm all alone without kith or kin. I gave them for him. I gave them for Harmachis, the traitor! Come, slay me also, thou wicked one!"

I took a step toward her, and she, thinking that I was about to smite her, cried out in fear:

"Nay, good Sir, spare me! Eighty and six, by the holy Ones, eighty and six, come next flood of Nile, and yet would I not die, though Osiris is merciful to the old who served him! Come no nearer—help! help! help!"

"Thou fool, be silent," I said; "knowest thou me not?"

"Know thee?—can I know every wandering boatman to whom Sebek grants to earn a livelihood till Typhon claims his own? And yet—why, 'tis strange—that changed countenance!—that scar!—that stumbling gait! 'Tis thou, Harmachis!—'tis thou, oh, my boy! Art come back to glad mine old eyes? I hoped thee dead! Let me kiss thee—nay, I forget. Harmachis is a traitor, aye, and a murderer! Here lies the holy Amenemhat, murdered by the traitor, Harmachis! Get thee gone! I'll have none of traitors and of parricides! Get thee to thy wanton!—'tis not thou whom I did nurse."

"Peace! woman; peace! I slew not my father—he died, alas!—he died even in my arms!"

"Aye, surely, and cursing thee, Harmachis! Thou hast given death to him who gave thee life! La! la! I am old, and I've seen many a trouble; but this is the heaviest! I never liked the looks of mummies; but I would I were one this hour! Get thee gone, I pray thee!"

"Old nurse, reproach me not!—have I not enough to bear?"

"Ah! true, true!—I did, forget! Well; and what is thy sin? A woman was thy bane, as women have been to those before thee, and shall be to those after thee. And what a woman! La! la! I saw her, a beauty such as never was—an arrow pointed by the evil Gods for destruction! And thou, a young man bred as a priest—an ill training—a very ill training! 'Twas no fair match. Who can wonder that she mastered thee? Come, Harmachis; let me kiss thee! It is not for a woman to be hard upon a man because he loved her sex too much. Why, that is but nature; and Nature knows her business, else had she made us otherwise. But this is an evil case. Knowest thou that this Macedonian Queen of thine hath seized the Temple lands and revenues, and driven away the Priests—all, save the holy Amenemhat, who lies here, and whom she left, I know not why; aye, and caused the worship of the Gods to cease within these walls? Well, he's gone!—he's gone! and indeed he is better with Osiris, for his life was a sore burden to him. And hark thou, Harmachis: he hath

not left thee empty-handed; for so soon as the plot failed, he gathered all his wealth, and it is large, and hid it—where, I can show thee—and thine it is by right of descent."

"Talk not to me of wealth, Atoua. Where shall I go and how shall I hide my shame?"

"Ah! true, true; here mayst thou not abide, for if they found thee, surely they would put thee to the dreadful death—aye, even to the death by the waxen cloth. Nay, I will hide thee, and, when the funeral rites of the holy Amenemhat have been performed, we will fly hence, and cover us from the eyes of men till these sorrows are forgotten. La! la! it is a sad world, and full of trouble as the Nile mud is of beetles. Come, Harmachis; come."

(To be continued.)

MEASURING THE SUNSHINE.

Every week we find recorded in the meteorological tables which are so obligingly provided by the public press for the study of neophytes and adepts in weather-wisdom, "the duration of sunshine for the preceding seven days." The precise significance of the record I have heard disputed. Some persons opine that it is meant to excite jealousy and uncharitableness in the breasts of unhappy wights who do not live at "Greenwich," or "Glynde Place, Lewes," but in befogged and beclouded districts where the sunshine is an unknown quantity. This, however, is a supposition which, in justice to the authorities of the Weather Department, I unhesitatingly reject. For myself, I believe it is intended simply to prove to us that we get a great deal more sunshine than from our casual observation of natural occurrences we should be inclined to think possible. We read of thirty, forty, or fifty hours, and so on, when our sensations have led us to suppose that the actual appearances of the God of Day did not exceed half a dozen. No doubt we are all of us apt to underrate our blessings. An hour of pain to the sufferer seems a lifetime; and there are moments in which we seem to pass through a complete cycle of thought and passion. To a child a cannon-ball is as heavy as a world! In these circumstances we might do something towards restoring our magnanimity and righting our moral balance by imitating the meteorologist and measuring the sunshine. Instead of dwelling on our trials, troubles, and disappointments—on our sorrows and failures—let us sum up the items on the other side of the account. I am sure we shall be astonished at the largeness of the total!

There was a foolish man who once wrote a book on "The Miseries of Human Life" (and very small some of them were!); but surely this was mere surplusage. We are keen enough to feel and recognise them; what we want is to have our attention directed to its enjoyments, its pleasures, the fair and gracious things that adorn it and render it a gift for which we ought to thank God, instead of depreciating it as an "unintelligible mystery"—as an affliction—sometimes even as a curse! Let us measure the sunshine, friends! I admit that the duration of that golden glory may vary, perhaps, according to our lot in life; that we don't all live at "Greenwich" or "Glynde Place"; but I am confident that, wherever our lot is cast, the sun shines there oftener and longer than our wilfully averted eyes will perceive. There are the warm rays of domestic affection: think how these multiply around us and brighten our path, and reveal the blossoms that spring up in nooks and corners! Out of doors we shiver at the cold airs and button our coat against the blast of adversity; but at home, how the sun shines as we look on the loving faces! what a glow we feel at our heart's core! how the blood dances through our veins! The sunshine thus diffused will make a mighty figure in our life's meteorological record. Then what a sum of light and sweetness is concentrated in our books—in the poets, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Ariosto, Milton—suns and little suns, planets and satellites—the philosophers, the historians, the essayists! A respectable amount, I take it, is to be got out of the true and honest friendships which we have knit together; out of the study of Art; out of Music, with all its possibilities of dream and reverie; out of the investigation and contemplation of Nature. Yes; many a cloud is lifted from the spirit by the gracious presence of the meadows and the leafy groves! Many a despairing thought we give up to the lofty hills, and it troubles us no more! And, again, there is the luxury of doing good. What a burst of sunshine comes upon us when we relieve the straggler by the wayside, the wounded in life's battle—straight from the golden gates of heaven it comes! Lastly, let me hint at the pure sweet radiance which flows from the soul's communion with the Divine Fatherhood; and then leave the reader to set all these happinesses of life against its griefs and cares—in a word, to Measure the Sunshine!

O. Y.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Rev. Thomas Hamilton to be President of Queen's College, Belfast.

Lord Lyttelton has assumed the title of Viscount Cobham since the death of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

A paper on "Tasmania; its Resources and Prospects," by Mr. E. N. C. Braddon, Agent-General for the colony, was read to the Royal Colonial Institute on May 14.

The Princess of Wales sent a contribution of china and glass ornaments to the sale of work which the Duchess of Albany opened on May 15 in the Kensington Townhall, in aid of the unendowed French Protestant Charities in London, in connection with the church under the pastorate of the Rev. Du Pontet de la Harpe.

The thirty-first annual festival of the Railway Benevolent Institution was celebrated on May 8, at the Hôtel Métropole, Mr. G. J. Armytage (chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company) presiding over a numerous assembly. Mr. Armytage hoped that the travelling public would recognise their debt to railway officers and servants when they remembered that 733,000,000 passengers were conveyed by railways last year, out of whom only one in 4,000,000 was killed, and one in 400,000 injured. There were, however, about 400,000 railway servants, of whom one in 806 was killed, and one in sixty-four injured. A list of subscriptions and donations was announced amounting to £8526, of which £3120 was contributed through the exertions of the officers and servants of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company.

Mr. Stanhope, the Secretary of State for War, presided at Willis's Rooms, on May 8, at a Conference of Militia Colonels. There was considerable discussion upon details regarding the enlistment, training, and equipment of this important portion of our reserve forces. Suggestions were made to return to the old bounty system and for improving the clothing and equipment. The Secretary for War said that he had received a host of suggestions, and he was glad to note that all were unanimous in the desire to be brought into line with the Army. He admitted much might be done to improve the training of the Militia. In the evening the officers dined with Mr. Stanhope at the Monico Restaurant, and the Duke of Cambridge, in responding for the Army, said it was his desire that all the land forces should be brought together as a united Imperial force, and he urged unity and combination among the Army, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers alike.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

There in his carven chair sat my father, Amenemhat, clad in his priestly robes. At first I thought that he was dead, so still he sat ; but at length he turned his head, and I saw that his orbs were white and sightless.—CHAPTER 21.

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIRD NOTICE.

Gallery IV.—The place of honour is worthily occupied by Mr. Vicat Cole's "Summons to Surrender" (343), an episode of the Spanish Armada story as told by Charles Kingsley in his "Westward Ho!" There is abundance of reality in the treatment of the old English and Spanish ships of war, the smoke of battle, and the movement of the waves; but over all the artist throws a pleasant suggestion of romance, and almost of poetry, which accords well with our present thoughts about the Armada Expedition. Nothing is more noteworthy than the change which has come over Mr. Vicat Cole's art since he transferred his affection from dry land to sea and river scenery. His landscapes, in most instances, erred on the side of being too prosaic, whilst his marine pictures are brimming over with imaginative work. On the other hand, Mr. John Brett, who was once almost a poet-painter of sea and sky and rocky headlands, seems to be becoming every year more conventional and obstinate in his interpretation of sunlight. "The Lion, the Lizard, and the Stags" (417) is another of the series of fantastic resemblances between the Cornish cliffs and animals with which Mr. Brett has busied himself for the last twenty years, and although we are ready to acknowledge the beauty of much of his work, we have some difficulty in admitting its truthfulness. This reproach cannot be brought against Mr. Briton Riviere's "Pale Cynthia" (363).—

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

The landscape over the mountain-tops, where the shepherd is calling together his flock, shows our chief animal-painter in a fresh and welcome character. He has seized—with more than ordinary skill—the change of day to night as it comes upon wanderers among the mountains, and greets with true poetic feeling the "soft approach of eve." As a seapiece we find Mr. Allan J. Hook's "News on the Reef" (350) of infinitely greater interest in all ways than Mr. Brett's laborious studies, and are glad to find no falling off in the promise of past years. The lighthouse keepers and their sea-girt home are painted with spirit and power. The other landscapes of the room to which attention should be directed are Mr. J. Buxton Knight's "October's Threshold" (368), Mr. Louis B. Hurt's "Scotland" (371), Mr. Wellwood Rattray's "Summer Eve" (386), and Mr. J. H. Inskip's "Crisp Morning in the Fens" (409). Mention should also be made of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Home-ward-bound Pennant" (394), in which the harbour water is excellently rendered, and the ship sits well on the water. By some curious accident the curves of the long pennant trailing in the sea repeat those of the lightning in "The Phantom Ship" already referred to.

The figure and subject pictures of this room include some interesting work. It is, perhaps, a sign of the time that two Associates, who stand high on the list for promotion—Mr. Storey and Mr. Prinsep—should both be represented by studies from the nude, the latter by "The First Awakening of Eve" (204), and the former by a far finer and better modelled figure of "Lady Godiva" (326), of which we can only say that it gives us a much higher opinion of the painter's work than any he has exhibited during the last few years. In the same room, however, Mr. Charles W. Mitchell's "Aoide" (403) presents herself as a dangerous rival, being, in truth, a delicately conceived and admirably carried out treatment of the female figure, with even more qualities to commend this style of work than that of either of the Associates named, or that of the veteran Academician, Mr. F. Goodall, whose sprawling figure entitled "A Dream of Paradise" (1245), in the last room, has neither grace nor dignity.

Among the portraits, those of Mr. Cutbill (339), by Mr. E. Patry, and of the Hon. and Reverend Augustus Legge (327), by Mr. Sydney Hodges, are simple, solid works; but we cannot but regard Mr. Pettie's ostentatious rendering of Mrs. Reckitt (419) as vulgar and unsuccessful. The likeness, for aught we know, may be an excellent one, but it is a mere impression, and thus everything which is required of the artist is either ignored or neglected. The flashy contrast of white lace over a black dress is ill-considered, and there are no two parts of the picture which hold together. Had it been the work of a beginner it would have announced promise; as that of a veteran it suggests hopelessness or worse. If, in contrast, the visitor wishes to see what really honest finished work should be, he has only to turn to Mr. Luke Fildes' "Sisters" (372)—two girls dressed in white, admirable in pose and colour, and very distinguished by their grace and dignity. It is interesting to notice how an artist who has won his reputation by painting scenes and characters of humble life should, at almost the outset of his career as a portrait-painter, have achieved so marked a success with ladies *du beau monde*. Mr. Solomon's full-length portrait of a child in white, Miss Gladys Raphael (393), holding a white rabbit in her arms, is a most delightful work in every way, full of childish grace and strong in tone and colour, although white is everywhere predominant. Mrs. Marianne Stokes has chosen an unnecessarily painful subject (358); but, it must be admitted that she has treated it with skill as well as feeling. The dead child in its coffin is painted with care; but the best work is in the figure of the poor boy, who by degrees seems to realise that his playmate has left him for ever. The transition from grave to gay is offered by Mr. F. D. Millet's group of "Anthony Van Corlear, the Trumpeter" (378), surrounded by the damsels, amongst whom, if we may trust that too-little read work, "Knickerbocker's History," he was a prime favourite. Mr. Millet displays, as usual, his mastery of technical art, and, what is less usual, a sense of humour and of thorough appreciation of his author. Since Mr. G. H. Boughton seems indisposed to continue his series of illustrations to this most mirthful history, we should be glad to see Mr. Millet take it in hand.

Gallery V. is, perhaps, almost the least interesting room of the whole exhibition. Mr. J. MacWhirter's panorama of "Constantinople and the Golden Horn" (457) is bright and tempting to those who have never visited the city of the Sultan; but we doubt if it will recall to those who know it an adequate idea of the beauties of the place. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Morning Breeze" (451) is a charming bit of coast scenery, among the creeks and firths of the west coast of Scotland. The sails of the little yacht have not yet caught the breeze, and she lies, lazy, and as if scarcely awake, under the bright sunlight which is coming up on all sides, and bringing into sight the distant hills. Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Salmon River" (465) is quite his best work of the year, excellent in tone, and full of atmosphere. The sportsman has just risen his fish and hooked him under the shadow of the trees. His gillie, who up to this time has been chatting with a group of lassies on the bank, is just getting aware of the fact that he may be called upon to gaff a fish before the sun goes down. The figures, however, are altogether subordinate to the landscape, which is thoroughly Scotch and full of rich colouring and variety. In Mr. E. Croft's "Hampden riding away from Chalgrove Field" (523), it is difficult to say which feature claims prominence—at any rate it is incomprehensible how a painter of such experience could draw a horse—even when carrying the wounded Hampden—with all four legs off the ground. Mr. R. W. A. Rouse has

a very clever—though slightly hard—landscape, "The Fall of the Year" (513) from which we augur future successes for the artist; and Mr. S. Melton Fisher's "Festa" (514) is evidence that even with larger and more intricate subjects than Carnival characters he can acquit himself with credit and success.

The size as well as the execution of the portrait of Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C. (495), the most genial member of the Bar, throw all others into the background. Mr. Herkomer has succeeded better in this than in his other portraits of the year in giving something more than his sitter's face, and in conveying character as well as humour by the mobile features he has caught so skilfully. Mr. J. J. Shannon disappoints us rather in the group of Mrs. Lycett Green and her child (502), but it has the advantage of being placed in close proximity to Mr. H. T. Wells's portrait of Mr. Arthur Nicholson (504). The principal subject picture is Mr. Blair Leighton's "Fame" (456), represented by an old bard dismissed, if not dis-crowned, in favour of a younger rival, whose songs find more sympathetic echo in the ears of the castle revellers. The figure of the old man seated on the steps of the terrace is dignified, and the colour subdued; but the rest of the composition is deficient in interest and point. Mr. Laidlay's "Gisli, the Out-law" (453), half hidden in the water and yellow rushes, is a dramatically-conceived subject, in which the twilight over the water is well rendered. Among the other pictures of this room may be mentioned Mr. F. C. V. Rouse's "Close of Day" (433), Mr. John Charlton's "Charge of the Light Brigade" (458), Mr. Leader's clear-cut "Cambria's Coast" (480), and David Murray's "Nooning in the Hop-Garden" (475).

Gallery VI.—The principal work, Mr. Herkomer's Charterhouse Chapel (558), has been purchased out of the Chantry Bequest. On either side of it are two bright landscapes by Mr. MacWhirter, "The Fairy of the Glen" (557) and "Autumn" (562); but we are getting a little tired of variations of the "Silver Birches," on which Mr. MacWhirter has leant so long. Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "On the Banks of Allan Water" (535), is not complimentary to his bride, who acts the solitary part on the damp ground under the trees, and suggests by her attitude that she has taken a severe cold; but, on the other hand, a less-known artist, Mr. Robert Noble, makes a very striking, though somewhat dark, picture of "The Linn Jaws" (549), in which the drawing of the landscape fully justifies the president's selection of the artist as a representative of Scotch art at the Paris Exhibition. Mention should also be made of Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Autumn Idyll" (584), Mr. Oliver Ayerton's "Spring" (593), a variation on Ingres' "La Source"; and Mr. Peter Graham's sea-birds' home (602).

Of the portraits, that of Mrs. Gribble (564), by Mr. J. Sargent, is the most attractive, as illustrating how successfully the style of Carolus Duran has been caught by his American pupil. The pose is somewhat affected, and the breadth of the upper arm, which is the most prominent feature, is out of all proportion to the slender waist. But the shadows of the black dress and the flesh tones are rendered with brilliant effect. As a portrait it is, however, without the dignity of Mr. Blake Wirgman's Madame X. (606), who has all the appearance of a *grande dame*—in which Mr. Sargent's model is altogether deficient—but, unfortunately, Mr. Wirgman has marred the general effect of his work by a want of modelling in the lower part of the lady's face. Lady Butler, who has been an absentee for some time, sends a good study of French cavalry (578) issuing from the gateway of an old Breton town, painted with her usual skill, and a far more accurate knowledge of the movement of horses than is displayed by most of her male rivals.

Of the subject-pictures, Miss E. A. Armstrong's "School is Out" (568) is a quiet piece of work, inspired by Edouard Frère; but by far the most noteworthy is Mr. John H. F. Bacon's "Never More!" (563), of which the simple pathos is excellent. It represents the interior of a village inn or ale-house, at the table of which are seated on the further side two navvies, and on the other a young soldier just returned from foreign service. He is reading a letter which conveys the news of the death of his mother or sweetheart, and his silent grief has attracted the attention of the other two. There is no false sentiment or exaggerated expression in any one of the three figures, but the story is told simply and forcibly by their attitude and looks.

Gallery VII. contains two of the best pictures of the year—both of them by artists of the "Newlyn" school: "The Health of the Bride" (655), by Mr. Stanhope Forbes; and "Saved" (698), by Mr. Frank Bramley. The former represents the best room of a village inn filled by a homely group, assembled at a wedding-breakfast. Each member of the company, representing the seven ages of man and woman, deserves attentive study, for in each there is character and a touch of humour. The bridegroom's "skipper" or employer, to judge from his appearance, has just risen to propose the health of the bride, who, in her simple white dress, sits quietly submitting to the ordeal. The parents and grandparents, the friends, and even the little children who make up the family party are variously supporting the address, which, perhaps, none enjoy so much as the speaker. Mr. Bramley's picture is more dramatic, and, although very powerfully and more broadly painted than Mr. Forbes', does not quite come up to the same level. It represents a lady—apparently a Spaniard—who has just been rescued from shipwreck, and is seated wrapped in blankets before a blazing fire, and tended by willing hands. The strong contrast between the yellow firelight and the grey light from the doorway, through which one looks out to the stormy sea, is the most striking part of the work; and the artist has in this achieved a success which fully supports the promise of his last year's work. Another very good work in this room is Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Pot-Pourri" (690), a pleasant, sunny room in which the family are engaged in preserving rose-leaves after the habit of our great-grandmothers. The small child's process of emptying the basketful overhead is very humorous, and the pose of the mother standing in the doorway very elegant. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "Day's Dying Glow" (717) is a large snow-covered landscape, with trees and sheep painted not only with breadth and vigour, but giving us, what so few painters can, the innumerable tints and shades which the snow-covered ground takes from the sun and sky. From December to June the transition is abrupt; but we can get it by turning to Mr. David Carr's "Castles in the Air" (712)—as thoroughly English, with its happy, chubby children sailing on summer seas, as Mr. Farquharson's landscape is Scotch and wintry. Mr. Robert Macbeth's "Diana" (699) is a very sprawling, ungainly lady, up to her ankles in water, apparently engaged in otter-hunting. The landscape is unpleasant in colour, and the work has altogether a rough, unfinished appearance. This, however, may be no drawback to such as think Mr. Leader's "Sabrina's Stream" (654) and "Dawn of an Autumn Day" (662) too hard and finished; but, at all events, these have a breadth and brightness of atmosphere which Mr. Macbeth's picture lacks. Amongst the other pictures in this room we should mention Mr. J. Clayton Adams's "Down in the Valley" (636); Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Minutes are like Hours" (670), a fishing-boat making for the harbour in a storm; Mr. W. E. Norton's "Condemned" (663), a Dutch pink being drawn up from the shore by half-a-dozen

stalwart horses; Mr. Fred. Hall's "Adversity" (676), a flower-seller and her children; Mr. David Murray's "The Moat Farm" (691), in far too good repair; Mr. G. E. Wetherbee's "By the Sea" (692), and Miss Dora Noyes's "Santa Lucia" (686). Of Mr. Sargent's impression of Mr. Henry Irving (638) we have already spoken; but further study of it does not make us regard it as a successful rendering of a singularly attractive and expressive face. The features are blurred, and the eyes are wanting in fire and character.

The Nineteenth-Century Art Society (Conduit-street Galleries) shows by its present exhibition that recruits are not wanting for the Art army. It is useless to assure fourth-fifths of these eager combatants that there is no opening for their services, no scope for their talents. They persist in coming two or three times a year to the assault of public favour, and we fear that rarely do they succeed in establishing a lodgement. The present exhibition, however, it must be allowed, shows a generally improved level of work, although there is a dearth of any very striking works of promise. A few of the older exhibitors maintain their places; and here and there an unknown name attracts the eye. Amongst the former we may mention Mr. Yeend King's "Gold-Fish" (128), Mr. Hamilton Marr's "Lledr Valley" (47), Mr. Horatio Hollingdale's "Still Waters" (89), Mr. H. G. Shaw's dog-pictures, "At Home" (61) and "Not at Home" (63), Mr. Gallon's "Essex Fishing-Village" (90), and Mr. T. K. Pelham's "Water-Carrier of Capri" (263). Among the less-known exhibitors, a prominent place is due to Mr. Arthur Ryle's "End of the Estuary" (64), in which the trees and water are especially good; Mr. Ballin's "Flying Dutchman" (168); Mr. Louis Grier's "Morning Mist" (225), with a fleet of fishing-boats making for sea; and Mr. Julius Ohlson's "West Country Hamlet" (237). The water-colours are particularly good, and include some works of more than average merit. Of such are Mr. Henry Terry's "Little Sempstress" (367), Mr. Fred. Burgess's "Boats from the Lagoon" (355), Mr. Maurice Page's "Near Thame" (301), Miss M. E. Grove's "Dieppe Fishing-Boats" (30), and the "Passage du Pont Neuf" (411), with its brilliant show of flowers at the entrance; Mr. J. Lonham Browne's "When All is Still" (323), a pleasant evening effect, and Mr. J. M. Macintosh's "Les Deux Amis" (283), another variation of Mr. MacWhirter's well-known "Silver Birches." Altogether the exhibition compares favourably with its predecessors, and includes many works which a "speculative" purchaser might find marketable in future years.

The collection of fourscore water-colour drawings, by Mrs. Allingham, at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street), will abundantly explain, if it does not excuse, the meagre display of her work at the Old Water-Colour Society and elsewhere. On this occasion Mrs. Allingham has brought together a number of delicate and attractive studies of cottage and lane life "On the Surrey Border." The beautiful stretch of country from Godalming to Haslemere has furnished her with ever-varying scenes—subjects which she has embellished in the true spirit of the artist—and reveals us the course of the seasons, each with its special gifts and graces, as they roll over one of the most picturesque districts in southern England. Witley, Haslemere, the Hindhead, and even the Isle of Wight, are now so accessible that it is not necessary to refer to the special points which Mrs. Allingham has once more recalled with so true a sympathy with their homely beauty and natural adornments. The country she depicts is the home of the gorse, the primroses, and the wild hyacinths; whilst her wayside cottage-gardens are bright with fuchsias, hollyhocks, and half a dozen old-fashioned flowers which are gradually disappearing from our more "highly-cultured" gardens. Not the least-interesting side of Surrey scenery is the variety of its timber—oak, ash, pine, elm, and Spanish chestnut mingle with hazel copses, and are dotted over broom and heather covered commons, and all of these Mrs. Allingham turns to profitable account in her dainty studies of life on the Surrey border.

In the same galleries are to be seen a few very remarkable water-colour studies by Miss Bertha Patmore, a daughter of the author of "The Angel in the House." They are executed with minute care, and must have required inexhaustible patience. The subjects chosen are chiefly birds, butterflies, shells, and feathers; but on these apparently trivial objects Miss Patmore has lavished care and skill recalling the works of the great masters of antiquity. In draughtsmanship they seem absolutely faultless; whilst in colour they are brilliant, and often iridescent to an astonishing degree.

ST. GILES AND THE GREEN FIELDS.

As warmer weather is once more manifesting itself Mr. George Hatton appeals to all who sympathise with child life in its everyday hardships in the stifling courts and alleys of St. Giles. There are at present over 1500 of these neglected little ones in regular attendance at Sunday-schools in the heart of this densely-populated district who are eagerly looking forward to that one bright day in their calendar, viz., "the day in the country," away from London's choking smoke and roaring traffic to the pure air of one of our many easily-accessible suburbs. Besides the one day in the country, St. Giles's Christian Mission were enabled last year, through the liberality of many friends, to send about a hundred of the most destitute and deserving children for a fortnight or more to cottage homes, from which they returned wonderfully improved in appearance and health, and they are striving to obtain funds to meet this extra effort this year. Donations towards the above fund will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. F. A. Bevan, treasurer, 54, Lombard-street, E.C., or by the Superintendent of the Mission, Mr. George Hatton, 4, Ampton-street, Regent's-square, W.C.

On May 9 the eleventh annual meeting of the Home Hospitals Association, which is intended for the benefit of paying patients, was held at Fitzroy House. The Duke of Northumberland presided, and in moving the adoption of the report, said he was sure those who originally undertook to found this institution would rejoice with him in the prospects of its continued prosperity.

A large audience assembled at the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House on May 10 at the second annual meeting of the United Committee for the Prevention of the Demoralisation of Native Races by the Liquor Traffic. The Duke of Westminster presided; and the Bishop of London and other distinguished ecclesiastics actively engaged in the temperance cause were present, as was also Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., whose recent travels in India enabled him to speak from personal observation of the deleterious effect produced upon natives of hot countries through the vile spirits placed within their reach by British and Continental merchants. An encouraging report was submitted. The income for the year amounted to £362. To do their work effectually, however, the committee desire to have an annual revenue of £500, to be expended chiefly in printing, publishing, and circulating the truth about the deterioration of native races by strong drink.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry (110) as Lady Macbeth has given rise to more criticism than any other single picture in the exhibition. As a brilliant specimen of brush work of the French school, glowing with rich shades of green and blue, it is an undoubted success; but it certainly conveys a very different conception of Lady Macbeth from Miss Terry's impersonation on the stage of the Lyceum. We have come back to the ambitious woman—whom Mr. Sargent depicts—in the moment of her triumph, placing upon her own head the crown which she has ruthlessly won. This is not the place to discuss whether or not this reading of Shakspeare's heroine is correct or otherwise, but it seems curious that she should wish to be handed down to posterity on canvas under so strange a travesty of her real or attributed reading of the part.

Another picture in a very different spirit will also attract prolonged study—Mrs. Alma-Tadema's "Summer Sabbath" (19), a dainty little Flemish maiden who has fallen asleep over the folio Bible or "Lives of the Saints," with which she had intended to beguile the hours of solitude, during which she has been left in charge of the old house. Apart from the minute rendering of the pretty carvings in wood and metal with which the wealthy Flemings adorned their houses, this little work has rare, and as we think, even greater qualities than many of its more pretentious neighbours. The "luminosity" (we ask pardon for the word) of the room is carried to a point seldom, if ever reached by modern painters; and even Mr. Alma-Tadema himself, honest as his work is, prefers to keep his personages in bright sunless light rather than cope with the difficulties of a half-obscure room. Mrs. Alma-Tadema's other work "Soon Ready" (98), an every-day tale of every child's life, is wanting in the finer qualities of the "Summer Sabbath," although it displays a quiet sense of humour, combined with a very artistic sense of colour and composition.

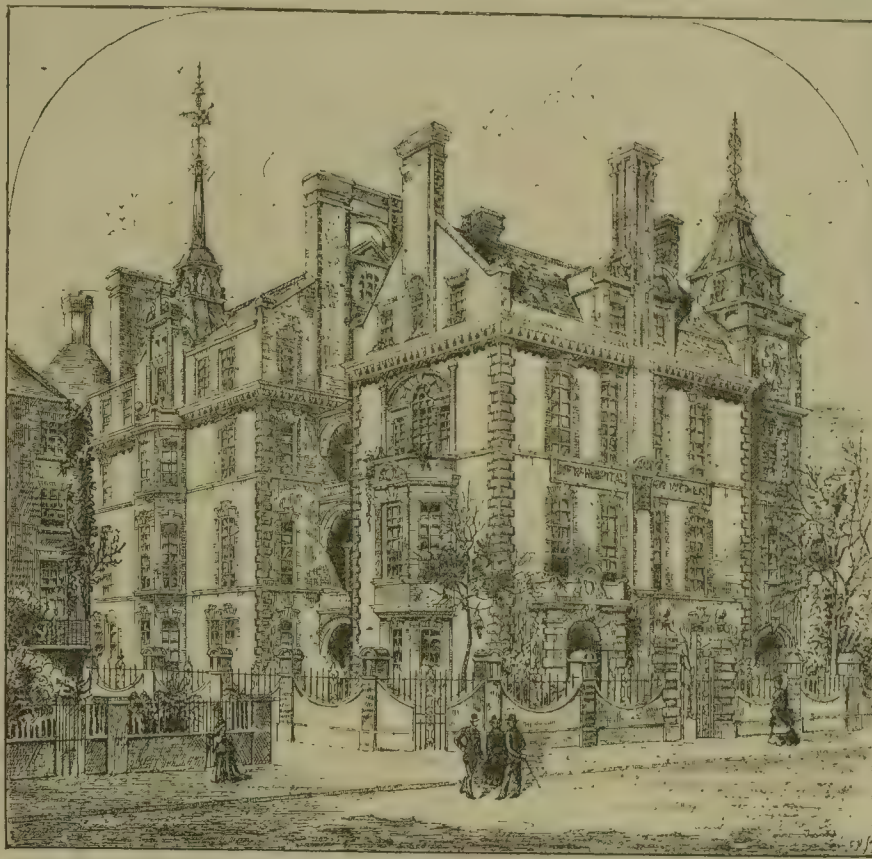
Mr. J. J. Shannon's most successful work, in our opinion, is the portrait of Mrs. Sidgwick (29), the popular and successful "head" of Newnham College, presented to her by a number of her friends and former students. It fully deserves a place beside Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of Miss Gladstone, which was one of the best of his last year's works; but in certain respects we are disposed to regard Mr. Shannon's as the more complete work. He has brought into the earnest face a sense of self-possession and quiet energy which go far to explain the success of Mrs. Sidgwick's career in a position beset with difficulties. There is no greater contrast in style to be found in the gallery than that existing between Mr. Shannon and another young painter who is rapidly forcing his way to the front, Mr. H. H. La Thangue. Of his portrait of Mrs. Mitchell (154) and its bold impressionism we have already spoken. A smaller study (16) shows his work in the open air—a young girl in a grey dress seated in an arbour. It is painted with great breadth and in the style of a French school, very different from that in which Mr. Sargent has learnt his art—and the result of a comparison between the two is that Mr. La Thangue is as superior in out-of-doors effects as Mr. Sargent's is in the more studied in-door works.

Mr. William Padgett is the representative of a very distinct school of English art which has learnt enough of French styles to let them influence his work without overpowering it. In each of his three works, "The Narrow Way" (95), "The Morning of Life" (100), and "Dies Ira" (238), there is a strong touch of morbid sentiment which not unfrequently distinguishes the younger men of the day; and the idea is often—we might almost say too often—sustained by an exaggerated colouring, which threatens, in unskilful hands, to become monotonous. "The Narrow Way" is that trodden by a humble shepherd between two meres or marshes, where pious hands have raised a cross before which the villager can say his short prayer as he passes each morning and evening to and from his work on the sand-marshes beyond. The "Dies Ira" shows where the storm has passed, throwing down even the cross in its blind anger, and, as it were, snatching from the troubled and weary pilgrim the hopes of rest and safety, with which that emblem was associated in his mind. In his treatment of the lurid clouds rolling away, and the glimpse of bright sky over the fine sand plains, Mr. Padgett has displayed more than ordinary skill and feeling. Mr. Adrian Stokes shares also, to some extent, in the prevalent depression of certain landscapists. His "Wet West Wind" (91) is about as uncomfortable as he can make it, driving through the sea sedge and blowing the sand about in all directions. It is, however, undoubtedly a clever work; but we should prefer, as a constant companion, some pleasanter view of country life, such as Mr. Hennessy has discovered in the bright sunlight of the well-named "Golden Hill, Essex" (96).

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the space disposable at the New Gallery does not admit of the exhibition of what are known as academic works—pictures which look for State support (and in this country do not get it). The nearest approach to anything of this sort is Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "Neptune" (114), which in France would probably be regarded as a small easel, if not cabinet, picture. It is in every way a remarkable composition, with its sea-monsters rushing through the waves and the god with his trident aloft, urging them onwards. There is a sense of movement not only in the sea, but in the men and animals, which is conveyed without effort, whilst the idea is conceived with an originality which deserves the highest praise. Imaginative work, as a rule, is sadly wanting in our galleries, and for this reason we gladly welcome such pictures as this, Mr. Weguelin's "Garden of Adonis" (102), and Mr. C. E. Hallé's "In Ambush" (215) and "The Lure" (198), apart from the beauty of their composition or the refinement of their painting. In a certain sense, too,

Mrs. K. G. Hastings' "Cassandra" (246) deserves a place amongst this class, although she has, perhaps, aimed at something even higher in her careful and, on the whole, successful attempt to convey Cassandra's story in her face. The figure is very dignified and attractive, although Mrs. Hastings has not hesitated to suggest the sense of conscious failure which the discredited prophetess bears upon her face. In her portrait of Mrs. Outram Tristram (123), in a fur tippet and yellow dress, whilst her version of Miss Ellen Terry (294) as Lady Macbeth is more in accordance with that presented nightly at the Lyceum Theatre than the more ambitious rendering of Mr. Sargent.

Professor Costa is the head of a little group of painters



NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, EUSTON-ROAD.

who find constant inspiration in the neighbourhood of Pisa, Lucca, and Florence. Of these Mr. Mathew Corbet, Mrs. Arthur Murch, and Mr. George Howard (now Earl of Carlisle) are the best known. The first-named each year treads more closely upon his master's heels, and indeed, in the opinion of many, has outstripped him in the race, and his most important work, "Evening" (41), rich in colour and tender in feeling, leads us to endorse this view; whilst in his "Dorsetshire Farmhouse" (236) he shows that he can adapt his talent to English scenery with as full sympathy as he shows for Italian. Mr. George Howard, too, has gone further afield this year, and in his Nile sketches, especially in the "Afterglow on Temple of Ammon, at Luxor" (269), he displays very rare qualities as a colourist who can express without exaggeration one of the glories of those regions. The small case of medals (428) which Mr. Howard also exhibits, shows that his love of art is manysided, and gives us hope that he will find scope for his own taste in directing that of others.

Two works stand out in complete contrast with all around them, both deserving recognition of the pains and thought their execution must have entailed. These are Mrs. Stillman's rendering of the charming story of "Madonna Dianova and Messer Ansaldo" (177) and Mr. Strudwick's quaint "Ramparts



A GALE ON THE CORNISH COAST. S. P. JACKSON.—Exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society.

of God's House" (13). The subject of the former work is known to readers of the "Decameron." Mrs. Stillman has chosen the moment of Madonna Dianova's visit to the garden full of tropical flowers in full bloom, which her lover has prepared for her in midwinter. Outside, one sees the snow-covered streets of Florence, cold and cheerless, whilst within all is bright; but most bright of all is the lady's smile upon her faithful lover. In this and Mr. Strudwick's more abstruse work, symbolism is carried, perhaps, to a pitch which our hurried life forbids us to appreciate in its fullness; but much is plain enough for those who run to read, and we can promise that those who stop will be amply rewarded.

In addition to the works already enumerated, we should especially call attention to Mr. James E. Grace's "Where Birchen Boughs with Hazels Mingle" (158), Miss Maud Naftel's "Willow Stream" (152), Mr. W. S. Jay's "Sleeping

Mere" (12), Mr. Edward Fahey's "Autumn" (52), Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Gate of Zoar" (67), Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Death of Ulysses" (22), Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Early Moonrise" (13), Mrs. Arthur Murch's "Early Moonrise" (84), Mr. Wilfrid Ball's "Golden Footprints of Departing Day" (107), and Mr. John Collier's portraits of Mrs. Harold Roller and nephew (129), in which the attitude of the child seated on the lady's lap and watching the kitten is admirable and thoroughly lifelike.

In the Balcony are to be found a number of studies in black and white by Mr. E. Burne-Jones—designed for his large picture of "Avalon"—as well as the studies for the angels in "The Morning of the Resurrection" (297-323), from which the student will learn the laborious industry with which the artist composes his pictures. Professor Legros contributes a number of silver-point etchings from his own and other works, mostly portraits (324-346), and Mr. Rudolf Lehmann sends a series of his portrait-drawings of eminent personages, the work of the last thirty years. Among these are to be found pleasant reminiscences of many no longer with us: Charles Dickens (361), Lamartine (369), G. H. Lewes (366), Charles Reade (373), and others. Among the pictures in the Balcony some few are especially noteworthy, as, for instance, Mr. Arthur Hughes' "The Footstep" (266), Mr. A. B. Donaldson's "Market-place at Tangiers" (258), Mrs. Emily Williams' "Old Greenhouse" (276), and Mr. Lockhart Bogle's portrait of Miss Mora Ilbert (375), a companion to her unhappily skied sister at Burlington House.

The sculpture, which is arranged round the central Hall, and liable to be passed without attracting one's attention except on very bright days, includes, amongst other works of promise or achievement, Mr. F. G. Watts's bronze rendering of the "Clytie" (403) which he executed some years ago in plaster; and Professor Legros' "Head of Pan" (396), a vigorous production. Mr. Onslow Ford is scarcely adequately represented by his bronze bust of Mr. J. Joicey (408); but Mr. Nelson Maclean's "Bacchante" (418) is full of *verve* and power; whilst two new-comers, Mr. Roscoe Mullins and Mr. R. A. Ledward, give promise of work which, if pursued, should raise the standard of English sculpture. "A Young Mother" (411), by the latter, is especially soft and rounded in all its lines, whilst the pose of the head and the modeling of the neck are at once natural and beautiful.

There are many other pictures in the New Gallery to which we would willingly have especially called attention had space and time allowed; but we have, we trust, said enough to show that the managers have catered for the public in a liberal as well as a judicious spirit. They have it in their power to give an impetus to the best phases of English art, and we can only express the hope that they will persevere in the direction indicated by the past and present exhibitions.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, EUSTON-ROAD.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on Tuesday, May 7, visited the site of the new building to be erected in Euston-road, opposite St. Pancras Church, Euston-square, for the accommodation of the Hospital for Women, hitherto established in two hired houses in Marylebone-road. Her Royal Highness graciously performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, after hearing an address read by Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., describing the objects of the institution, which was founded, in 1872, for the treatment of women and female children by regularly qualified lady medical practitioners. The Prince of Wales made a brief speech, cordially expressing his approval, and that of the Princess, and noticing also the presence of Lady Dufferin, who well knew the benefits that her sex had received in India from the services of lady physicians. Among the other ladies present, besides the Marchioness of Dufferin and her daughters, were Countess Granville, the Countess of Idlesleigh, and Lady Stanley of Alderley; with Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Owen Roberts, the Rev. Canon Leigh, the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, chairman of the committee of the hospital, and many other gentlemen. Our illustration shows the design of the new building, which will cost £20,000; the architect, Mr. Bryden, and the contractors, Messrs. Higgs and Hill, were presented to the Princess of Wales.

The marriage of Mr. Gervase Cary Elwes, eldest son of Mr. Cary Elwes, of Billing Hall, Northampton, and Roxby and Brigg, Lincolnshire, with the Lady Winefride Feilding, third daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, was celebrated in the Church of the Oratory, Brompton, on May 11. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Dudley Cary Elwes, as best man. The eight bridesmaids were Ladies Clare and Agnes Feilding, sisters of the bride; Miss Cary Elwes, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Mary Scrope, Miss Murray, Miss Low, and Miss Hilda Low, consins of the bride; and Miss Alice Lyle, cousin of the bridegroom. The bride arrived at the church shortly before half-past eleven, and was led to the prie-dieu facing the Sanctuary by her father, who afterwards gave her away. Immediately behind the bride came her two little nephews, the Hon. Rollo and Hon. Hugh Feilding, who acted as pages. The Rev. Dr. Riddell, Bishop of Northampton, performed the nuptial rite, assisted by the Rev. Father S. Bowden.

The Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has issued an order expressing the pleasure that it gave the Commissioners to place on record their high appreciation of the services rendered by the officers in effecting the arrest and bringing to justice the three notorious burglars Lyster, Clarke, and Burdett, who were sentenced to penal servitude for life for burglary at Norton Lees, and wounding Mr. G. Atkins, jun., by shooting him. The Home Secretary, it is added, had also much pleasure in granting to the officers rewards from the special reward fund. The Atkins family some time ago, in appreciation of the services rendered, gave each of the constables a present.



ON THE TERRACE. E. J. POYNTER, R.A.—Royal Academy.



"GOOD LUCK TO YOUR FISHING." G. F. WATTS, R.A.
New Gallery.



THE YOUNG JULIET. J. SANT, R.A.—Grosvenor Gallery.



MACKEREL IN THE BAY. DAVID CARR.—New Gallery.



THE GARDEN OF ADONIS. J. R. WEGUELIN.—New Gallery.



CRUMBS FOR THE ALTAR. F. W. W. TOPHAM.—Grosvenor Gallery.



DEBATE ON THE FISHERIES QUESTION. W. LEWELLYN.—Royal Academy.



THE KNIGHT'S TOMB. H. S. MARKS, R.A.—Royal Water-Colour Society.



EVENING IN THE CITY. HERBERT MARSHALL.—Royal Water-Colour Society.



CHARCOAL BURNERS. SIR JOHN LUBERT, R.A.—Royal Water-Colour Society.



DARBY AND JOAN. W. DENDY SADLER.—Grosvenor Gallery.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS." W. HOLMAN HUNT.
Royal Water-Colour Society.



IN SWEET SPRING-TIME. BASIL BRADLEY.—Royal Water-Colour Society.



"The day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday."
YEEND KING.—Royal Academy.



DESIGN FOR DECORATION. HENRY HOLIDAY.—Royal Academy.



WILD ROSES. F. MORGAN.—Royal Academy.

MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Nineteenth Century.—The ship-building programme of our Government is regarded by Lord Armstrong with some disappointment, as it does not provide a sufficient number of swift unarmoured cruisers, with the lower part of the hull protected by a steel deck, which class of ships he thinks more needful than the big line-of-battle ironclads. Mr. Edward Dicey renews his endeavour to persuade Liberal Unionists to merge their political existence in the Conservative Party. "The Hindu at Home," by the Countess of Jersey, is a brightly-written summary, or collective review, of her Ladyship's impressions of India: almost every sentence is a distinct and vivid picture. Miss Clementina Black reports the earnest and moderate speech of a brave working woman upon the occasion of a strike at a cigar factory. The hampered and fettered condition of the Protestant State Church in Prussia is exposed by Dr. Geffcken. An interesting account, by Mr. Edward Clifford, of the devoted Christian labours of Father Damien, among the Hawaiian lepers sequestered in the Isle of Molokai, is well deserving of perusal. The Rev. Dr. Wace makes his rejoinder to Professor Huxley, in the endless dispute about what opinions the most learned Germans now hold with reference to the authorship of the narrative books of the New Testament. The decline of the social influence and grace of ladies in France, under the Republic, is lamented by Mr. F. Marshall. We find in Mr. Frederick Greenwood's article on "Misery in Great Cities" many true and wise observations concerning the details of cost, trouble, and discomfort, in the daily life of the London poor. Mr. Frederick Harrison blows a loud trumpet of encouragement for the Home Rule party. Mr. Gladstone describes the signs of vast improvement he lately saw at Naples, and commends the results of Italian national unity and liberty; but exhibits, on the other hand, a huge increase of taxation and public debt, warning that kingdom to adopt a modest and pacific foreign policy, which is very wholesome advice.

Fortnightly Review.—Lord Wolseley, with professional enthusiasm, but with a fair consideration of the wants and wishes of young Englishmen in the ranks of the Army, estimates the personal condition of the British soldier, whose life in the service, under present regulations, he shows to be well "worth living." The project of an endowed theatre for the culture of dramatic high art, and of a noble dramatic literature, is advocated by Mr. William Archer. M. Arsene Houssaye continues his biographical and critical memoir of Alfred De Musset. Mr. Karl Blind's personal recollections of John Bright will be acceptable to many of our countrymen. Some account of Mashunaland, in the interior of South Africa, a country adjacent to that of the Matabele, recently taken more or less under implied British protection, is supplied by Mr. F. C. Selous, and may be useful at this juncture. Lady Dilke bears favourable testimony to the good social and moral influence of English Christian missionaries, and of the Zenana lady visitors, among the people of India. An anonymous writer attacks the Ritualist party in the Church of England. Professor R. Y. Tyrrell's animadversions on "Robert Elsmere" are feebly scornful. The laws of taste in the use of colour, for house decoration, furniture, and dress, are examined by Mr. Hamilton Aidé. A chronicle of notable labours of the Magistrates for the county of Surrey, furnished by Mr. T. H. Thornton, extends over two centuries, and is a help to local history. Prussian military training and drill, with reference to the "Zeit-Geist" or Spirit of the Age, contemplated by Colonel F. Maurice, would appear an ethical sacrament, conducting its interpreter far into the region of religious mysticism, with a very singular effect. Cardinal Manning once more protests against the Board schools being allowed to supersede those maintained by voluntary efforts for religious teaching.

Contemporary Review.—As a personal friend of the late illustrious statesman, Dr. R. W. Dale sets forth his estimate of the character of John Bright with judgment and good taste. Lord Justice Fry's philosophical remarks on the effect of imitation in contributing to human improvement contain undeniable truth. The direct representation of the labouring classes in the House of Commons is discussed by Mr. T. Burt, M.P., who recommends the payment of members. An attempt, by Mr. T. Vincent Tynms, to mediate eirenicly between Professor Huxley and Dr. Wace, in the quarrel of Agnosticism with Biblical orthodoxy, may be left to readers of the principals in another magazine. Prices formerly and recently paid for celebrated pictures in the National Gallery are scrutinised by Mr. E. T. Cook. "Individualism and Socialism," the topic of Mr. Grant Allen's essay, is a trite antithesis in present-day discourse. Mr. C. S. Addis gives an account of the progress of railways in China. The value of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy, if Mr. W. S. Lilly's criticism were to prevail, would be reduced to modest limits. A series of opinions and testimonies of practical men, collected by the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education, is prefaced by some observations from Lord Hartington, the President, and is followed by the comments of Sir Henry Roscoe, F.R.S., and Mr. Arthur Acland, M.P., upon that question.

Universal Review.—Memorial tributes to the virtues of John Bright are here; one written by the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, the oldest member of the House of Commons and the oldest advocate of Corn-law Repeal; the other by Professor Thorold Rogers. The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, descants critically on the prospects of Art in England. Some Australian poets and novelists are reviewed by C. E. Greene. A short story by the Comte de Villiers de Lisle-Adam, called "L'Amour Sublime," is published in French. Mr. W. M. Gattie examines the business of life-assurance. A railway engineer who has been in South Africa, Mr. G. Kilgour, describes the route from Kimberley through the Transvaal to Delagoa Bay. The waste

of expenditure in Government Departments is exposed by Mr. H. C. Burdett. Dr. Richard Garnett finds cause to believe that Shakespeare's "Tempest" was composed specially for the Royal wedding festivities of 1613, when the Elector Palatine married Princess Elizabeth. The Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, is made the subject of an article by Mr. Arthur Symons.

National Review.—The disturbance of the currency standard, the undue fall of prices, and the claims of silver to share with gold the prerogative of ruling values, are discussed by a bimetallist, Mr. Moreton Frewen. A memoir of Francesca Von Hohenheim, mistress and afterwards wife of Duke Charles of Wurtemberg in the last century, suggests a comparison with the example of Madame De Maintenon a century before. The organisation of band-music in the regiments of the British Army is described by Mr. F. J. Crowest. Professor Frankland surveys the inadequate provision for the teaching of science, and shows its importance to our industrial prosperity. Lieutenant the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N., gives an interesting account of the state of medical practice in China. There is an article on emigration to our Australasian colonies; an examination of Balzac's theory of the artistic temperament and its culture; a good description, by Dr. Alfred Crespi, of recent town improvements in Birmingham; and some thoughtful verses, by Lady Jersey, on the religions of Asia.

Blackwood's Magazine.—Mr. W. W. Story, of Rome, the well-known sculptor and accomplished student of art, resumes after long silence his dialogues on that eternal theme of aspiration. There is a continuation of the anecdotes of female life in prison, called "Scenes from a Silent World." The story of "Lady Baby" is also continued. "A. K. H. B." furnishes a report of the compilation of a new hymn-book for the use of the Scottish Established Kirk. The collection of the salt-tax in India is described. A lively writer notes the aspects of the Riviera, with its English residents and visitors.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Professor E. A. Freeman, in an essay on "City and Borough," defines the original significance of municipal dignities in England and Scotland, and what constitutes a city. The performance of an Italian "Passion-

persons in Thackeray's novels, and other topics, with one or two stories, fill the remaining space.

Longman's Magazine.—Mr. Walter Besant's Southwark idylls, in "The Bell of St. Paul's," with romantic excursions across the river to Queenhithe and Thames-street, are delightful. Fiesole, the ancient Tuscan "hill-top stronghold," overlooking Florence, and "Father Damien and the Lepers," a subject more particularly treated by Mr. E. Clifford in the *Nineteenth Century*, are dealt with by other writers here.

Cornhill.—What is "Attabai Bevi"? The strange, uncouth name of a Neapolitan flower-girl, brought up in association with a band of brigands, ultimately proved to be the lost child of English parents. "Venice in Spring" may be sufficiently inviting. The various rules and habits concerning the right and the left hand form a topic of amusing comment. The story of "The County" draws near its close.

Temple Bar.—"Sir Charles Danvers," a new story, appears to be a sequel to "The Danvers Jewels," by the same author. "Arminell" seems at an end; so likewise "A Chronicle of Two Months"; while "Paul's Sister" is in the middle of her story. Those who are not tired of old topics may here still find something about Disraeli, Thackeray, Mrs. Delany and Queen Charlotte, Dorothy Osborne, and Sir William Temple.

The *English Illustrated Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *London Society*, *The Argosy*, *Woman's World*, *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, and *The Theatre*, with *Good Words*, the *Leisure Hour*, and *Cassell's Magazine*, and the welcome American publications, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, have been duly received.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, WEST HARTLEPOOL.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales, on Wednesday, May 1, visited the rising town of West Hartlepool, and was greeted with a handsome and hearty reception. His Royal Highness opened

the new Municipal Buildings, which also contain suitable offices and Board-Room for the Guardians and for the School Board. The Council Chamber is on the second storey, extending along the principal front. It is of good proportions, with coved and panelled ceiling ornamentally treated, with cornice and frieze also fully enriched, and the room is divided into bays by ornamental pilasters, and a panelled dado is carried round the whole; the windows are partly of stained glass. The Mayor's Parlour is arranged en suite, and corresponds with the Council Chamber. The building generally is constructed of red brick, with terra-cotta dressings, and is of the Queen Anne style of architecture. Mr. Joseph Howe, of West Hartlepool, was the contractor; and the architect was Mr. R. Knill Freeman, of Bolton and Manchester (and of the firm of Freeman and Robins, Newcastle-upon-Tyne).

A Board of Trade return shows that in April 27,894 people of British origin left the United Kingdom for the United States, as compared with 31,656 in the corresponding month of last year:—5580 for British North America, as compared with 7896; 2685 for Australasia, as compared with 2242; and 2016 for other countries out of Europe, as compared with 1005; the

total being 38,175, as compared with 42,799. The nationalities of the emigrants were:—English, 18,745, as compared with 21,476; Scotch, 4003, as compared with 5416; Irish, 15,427, as compared with 15,907.

The Prince of Wales unveiled on May 8, at the University of London, a marble statue of the Queen, by Mr. Boehm, which has been erected as a memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee. It also commemorates the jubilee of the University, which obtained its charter in the first year of the Queen's reign.

There was a brilliant gathering at Burlington House on May 8, on the occasion of the Royal Society's conversation. The president, Professor G. G. Stokes, M.P., received the guests in the saloon. In the several rooms inventions and apparatus of a most interesting character were shown and explained by well-known scientific gentlemen.

An important addition to the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles at Colchester was inaugurated on May 8 by the Duke of Norfolk in the presence of a large company. The addition has been erected at a cost of £7500, and is specially designed as a nursery and infirmary for children and helpless cases. It furnishes sixty additional beds, and the institution is thus enabled to accommodate a total of 220 patients. The Marquis of Bristol afterwards presided over a largely-attended meeting, which was followed by a public luncheon.

At a recent meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £195 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during April. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats, and others, for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2090 were also made on some of the 293 life-boats of the institution. During the current year the institution has been instrumental by its life-boats, and by other means, for which it has granted rewards, in saving 276 lives, in addition to rescuing four vessels from destruction. Amongst the contributions recently received were fifty guineas from the stewards of the Covent-garden Life-boat Fund, toward the support of the Caistor life-boat, "Covent-garden"; £50 from the Clothworkers' Company, and thirty-six halfpence saved by "A Friend in an Almshouse." New life-boat stations were ordered to be formed at St. Agnes', Scilly Islands; Port of Ness, in the island of Lewis; and Queenstown. Reports were read from the deputy chief-inspector of life-boats and the four district inspectors on their recent visits to life-boat stations. The proceedings then terminated.



NEW PUBLIC OFFICES, WEST HARTLEPOOL, OPENED MAY 1.

Play," at Orta, in the lake region of Lombardy, is agreeably described. Mr. Arthur Gaye investigates the varied use of profane expletives, or asseverations "By —," this, that, and the other, in vulgar or vehement speech. "Marooned," Mr. Clark Russell's current marine romance, has reached its twenty-first chapter. Few readers are now likely to be acquainted with John Earles, of Merton College, Oxford, Bishop of Worcester and Sarum, the "Minute Philosopher" of the seventeenth century, whose "Microcosmography" seems to be a work of literary merit. Nor is the battle of Myton, in Yorkshire, fought in October, 1319, between the Scots and the English, accurately remembered by most of us who think we know the history of our country. These subjects, and likewise "The Bacchanals" of Euripides, a play which is thought to illustrate certain phases of belief in Hellenic religion, are treated by different writers.

Murray's Magazine.—"The Command of the Sea," discussed by Admiral Fanshawe, is a problem of naval administration just now demanding the most anxious thought. Edna Lyall's novel, which is "David Vaughan, the Novelist," shifts its scene to Bath. Miss Dorothea Beale points out some faults in the working of the system of school and college scholarships. More personal anecdotes of Prince Bismarck are supplied by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. "The Comedy of a Country House," by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, is continued; and "The Reproach of Annesley" is concluded. Dr. E. Hamilton's notice of the birds frequenting London and its neighbourhood may console the naturalist living in town. "The A. B. C. Darians," by Mrs. Mason, shows the way to teach young children. The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's sonnet on John Bright has poetical and political merit.

Gentleman's Magazine.—The local insurrection of Australian gold-diggers at Ballarat in 1854 is related afresh by Mr. Archibald Forbes. Celebrated stage Falstaffs, the life of Beau Brummell, the chances of successful fruit-growing in England, and the Portuguese poet Camoens, make tolerable articles. "Cohen of Trinity" is the tragedy of an insatiate aspirant to supreme intellectual distinction. "Greek Highlands and Islands" cannot fail to be an interesting tour.

Time.—An account of the Parsi religion, by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, increases our respect for that distinguished remnant of an ancient race in Asia. The Parliamentary reporters' gallery, with its "work and workers," is briefly described. The capacity and tendency of the feminine mind in politics, discussed by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, the genealogy of the fictitious

A WELSH STREAM.

One golden summer-time a few years ago I chanced whilst on a solitary walking-tour in North Wales, with knapsack and fishing-rod, to find myself at Dinas Mawddwy, the smallest of all "cities." I recollect well how kindly seemed my greeting, and how comfortable the inn, after a weary trudge across the hills from Dolgelly; and how, finding pleasant companions, and with a pretence of trout-fishing, coming for a day I stayed a fortnight before shouldering my knapsack once more and passing up the Dovey Valley, over steep Bwlch-y-Groes to Llanuwchllyn, and thence to Bala. The road from Dinas to Bwlch-y-Groes passes through some magnificent scenery. On the right is the river Dovey, always within hearing and generally within sight, growing ever more turbulent and wildly-wooded as it narrows towards its source at Aran. Between Dinas and Bwlch-y-Groes lies the remote little village of Llan-y-Mawddwy, with wild and romantic surroundings. Leaving this spot regretfully, we meet with scarcely a sign of civilised life, save a cottage or two hard by Aran, till passing over the desolate summit of Bwlch-y-Groes, and following, after a while, the beautiful river Twych, the village of Llanuwchllyn is reached. But we are straying too great a distance from Dinas. The view from the summit, and from the Dinas side of Bwlch-y-Groes, is probably as fine as any in this part of Wales. George Borrow has told us in his book, "Wild Wales," that stopping here a while he exclaimed, "What a valley! scenery of the wildest and most picturesque description was rife and plentiful to a degree; hills were here, hills were there; some tall and sharp, others huge and lumpy; hills were on every side; only a slight opening to the west seemed to present itself." On one side black Aran Mawddwy frowns in its utter desolation, but immediately in front lies the valley of the Dovey with its verdant pastures, its bright river, and its thickly wooded hillsides. The eye cannot weary of these striking contrasts, this infinite variety of bleak moor and rugged mountain top, of murmuring stream and green hillside.

Dinas Mawddwy itself is rather a civilised little place, actually boasting a telegraph and railway station. The railway is a branch line from Cemmes-road on the Cambrian line, and was formed by private enterprise. Its short course of some half a dozen miles is one of uninterrupted beauty; although the hills are nowhere so lofty or so wild as towards Dolgelly, or Aran Mawddwy, yet they are lovely in their great variety, and the sight of the Dovey gladdens the heart of the fisherman. There is an excellent inn at Dinas. The river is within a stone's-throw of the inn, and the river is certainly the chief attraction of Dinas, which, notwithstanding the general beauty of its scenery, is for the most part an angler's station. It lies, in fact, out of the beaten track of tourists.

On the whole the trout-fishing is not good, save perhaps in the early spring months; later in the season the fish rise very seldom, and then only those of the smallest size—eight or nine to the pound. "Samlets," too, are exasperating, as they take the artificial fly at almost every cast, and sometimes two and three at a time. It is, of course, illegal to basket any of these fish, and under penalty of a fine of ten shillings each. But probably this extreme fine is nominal, for in many cases it is very difficult, if not impossible, to say for certain what is a "samlet" and what is not, the fish vary so much in their markings and in the colour of their fins. In some of the tributaries of the Dovey there are, however, more of the genuine trout, though they run small. These diminutive mountain streams well repay a visit.

One bright summer day I wandered up one—the Cowarch by name—catching here and there a few troutlets: an exquisite stream murmuring gently over its pebbly bed, and now and then forming tiny waterfalls; here a bright shallow, where, at my approach, several trout would rush under sheltering stones; and there a deep silent "run," where the water twisted round a sharp bend. Where I entered from the road the stream ran through some cultivated meadows, and here the haymakers were at work. But after walking a mile or two, I had passed out of all sound and sight of civilisation. Yet there is no real solitude in such places in summer; every bird is a companion; every water-loving flower, from the lowly growing forget-me-not to the tall, fragrant meadowsweet, a delight to mind and eye. Smaller and smaller grew the little brook till its murmur subsided into a half audible tinkle; sometimes, indeed, it was almost entirely hidden by rank herbage, but even at the point where I thought it must die away altogether from sight and hearing, there suddenly it was, distinct and noisy once more. I dropped my flies into the water just for the pleasure of watching the current take them where it would, without a thought of catching anything, when there came a sharp tug as the "dropper" fly disappeared round a bend where the water ran deep and quiet, and a beautiful trout of about half a pound or a little over jumped clean out of the water, shaking itself free of the hook in so doing. It was the monster of the Cowarch! Of this I felt convinced, and with it came a sense of relief at the escape of the fish. Long might it thrive now in its haven of security and fatten year by year; for what angler would be likely to come thither after a big trout? As for me the excitement of feeling and seeing the trout was sufficient. Once in the creel its bright spots would too soon be dulled, and wasted the beauty of its form.

The pleasure of tracing the course of the little brook was so engrossing that I scarcely realised how swiftly the oiled hours had slipped away until presently, conscious of a certain chilliness in the air, I glanced up and found the sun had sunk below the purple line of the hills. These hours that to some seem so wasted, are surely the least misspent in our lives. In our silent communings with Nature, where her

Heart
Beats strong amid the hills,

we have snatched back, perchance, something from the robber Time to keep and ponder over in the years to come.

To return to the Dovey, It is a good "sewin" and salmon river, especially in the late autumn, when there is plenty of water. Unfortunately for the fishermen, the floods or "spates" which fill the river and insure sport, so soon run down. The water may in the morning be coming down in a perfect flood and black as ink, and the same evening the river returns, perhaps, to almost its normal state.

A mile from Dinas railway station and at the weir near Mallyd Bridge, there is a famous spot for salmon and sewin; three or four good pools and some very rough quick water. At this point, too, the scenery is magnificent, especially towards night, when the water takes a sullen hue and great masses of cloud lie on the mountain sides, which seem almost within stone-throw. The darkening stream appears, in its rapidity and sound, mysterious and irresistible; yet the salmon in their masterful strength defy the strongest current.

One night in October I repaired thither, and was rewarded with a good fish after many blank days. A few minutes later my winch was again singing a merry tune. This second fish probably weighed about twenty pounds, and I had only a

short rod and fine gut casting-line. Before the struggle had lasted twenty minutes it was quite dark. Three times I had to follow my fish into the water, once almost up to the waist, while the screeching of the winch constantly admonished me of the fact that I had scarcely fifty yards of line, which must have been all but out more than once. This was a grand-hearted fish, absolutely disdaining to sulk, but showing his spirit by a series of wild rushes from one pool to another. Whether, if the gut had held, we should have killed him in the dark, and how long it would have taken to do so, were the perplexing questions my Welsh "gillie" and I discussed with sorrow as we returned home that night. The memory of this stern struggle and defeat is in every detail with me still, and pondering over it, sets me longing to see the beautiful Dovey again, and hear its delicious melody.

S. A. B. D.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT GUY PALMER, R.E.

This promising officer of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in December by a murderous shot, during the campaign against the hostile Chin tribes on the north-west frontier of Upper Burmah, was youngest son of the late Colonel Conolly O'Brien Palmer, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and was twenty-three years of age. He was educated at the Woolwich Academy of the Royal Engineers, passed high in the list for commissions, spent two years at Chatham, and went out to Madras, whence he



THE LATE LIEUTENANT GUY PALMER, R.E.,
KILLED IN BURMAH.

was sent with the expedition to Burmah, and obtained a medal for his services there. In November last he was called upon to accompany General White's expedition to the Chin frontier. On Dec. 7 a small party of Goorkhas was sent under his command from Kambale, the head-quarters of the Chin field-force, to continue a road they were making to the Saba range. Lieutenant Palmer had left his men building a stockade, and walked a few paces away, when he was struck by a shot fired by a Chin concealed in ambush. He was carried back to Kambale, but died next day from the effects of his wound.

FIVE WEEKS ON A BURNING SHIP.

The Inman liner City of New York, from New York, arrived at Queenstown on May 8 with particulars of the arrival at Rio de Janeiro on April 28 of the London steamer Parkhurst, 1538 tons, with her cargo on fire, and her commander and several of the crew disabled from the severe burns received in endeavouring to extinguish the fire, which raged during the greater part of the voyage from Hull to Rio de Janeiro.

The fire was first discovered on March 23, and in a short time had such hold of the vessel that Captain Robertson believed she was doomed to destruction, and had the life-boats got out and provisioned. Everything that could be done to extinguish the fire was done; but, despite the best efforts of the crew, the fire spread through the cargo, and soon the sides of the vessel above the water became red-hot, and the decks could only be walked on by spreading wet sails on them, and keeping them continually saturated. Holes were made in the deck and high-pressure steam from the donkey boiler was injected on the blazing cargo with good result. Water was also pumped in in large quantities; but on the 25th the fire again increased, and reached the coal-bunkers. For two days and nights the crew worked hard to remove the coal; but several of the men being rendered insensible by the suffocating smoke and intense heat, had to be carried on deck. For three days the cabin was rendered uninhabitable, and four of the crew had a narrow escape from suffocation in the fore-castle. Several times the crew thought they would be driven to abandon the vessel; but, encouraged by the commander, who was foremost in fighting the flames, they managed to stand by the ship, and succeeded in taking her into Rio de Janeiro, the cargo then still being in flames. Captain Robertson and seven of the crew were badly burned and almost blinded.

The Parkhurst belongs to Messrs. Carlisle and Co., Leadenhall-street, London, and is a new vessel. The Brazilian Government have decided to present a gold medal to Captain Robertson, in recognition of his bravery and skill.

The session of Friday afternoon lectures at the Royal Botanic Society was inaugurated on May 10 (the Duke of Teck in the chair) by Mr. Holmes, the curator of the Botanic Museum, on British poisonous plants, in which he described the various characteristics of aconite, arum, dandelion, foxglove, hemlock, and other plants, and notified the properties and antidotes of the poisonous alkaloids respectively formed by each. He also pointed out that in some cases some animals could eat the leaves or seeds of some poisonous plants without being affected, whilst others suffered seriously, even unto death. Some vegetable poisons appeared also to be influenced in their virulence, or the reverse, by various conditions of soil, climate, and season of the year. The meeting was largely attended.

SHOOTING AND FISHING.

The Art of Shooting. An Illustrated Treatise on the Art of Shooting, by Charles Lancaster (Published at 151, New Bond-street, W.).—If experts in the art of shooting were to be asked what had given them most trouble in their attempts to arrive at perfection, nine out of every ten would probably reply "the correction of early faults too easily acquired." They would be the first, therefore, to praise Mr. Lancaster for the pains he has taken to explain simple principles, and to illustrate details which are regarded as too insignificant for serious consideration by the many who, because of their contempt for little things, never succeed in becoming crack shots. The first impulse of self-satisfied sportsmen on perusing Mr. Lancaster's treatise "On the Art of Shooting" may be to condemn it as a mere reiteration of rules with which everybody is familiar. If one of these gentlemen, however, were to pause before each shot and ask himself whether he was in every respect conforming to well-known rules, or in some detail violating them, he might be surprised to find how often an impartial answer would shock his personal vanity. Misses that cannot be accounted for by any physical defect in the marksman or fault in the weapon must be caused by neglect of some simple principle; and as cases of this kind so frequently occur—more frequently than most of us are prepared to admit—Mr. Lancaster does valuable service in devoting so much attention to them. No fault, or possible cause of failure, is too insignificant for him to notice. On the contrary, he emphasises with wise insistence the necessity for regarding trifles, because being small they are likely to be overlooked unless attention be drawn to them; and herein lies his great merit as a teacher. Everyone who has handled a gun knows that to hit a bird in flight or ground game running swiftly he must aim in front, above, or below it, according to the angle from which it is looked at; but that he has not mastered this principle in all possible bearings his practice too often proves. A careful study of Mr. Lancaster's book, and the aid of many illustrations very skilfully drawn by Mr. James Temple, will give even proficient sportsmen a clearer insight into theoretical principles than could be gained by any ordinary means. To physical peculiarities, and especially to inaccuracy of aim arising from greater strength of vision in the left eye than in the right, very few people give a thought. By means of a very simple diagram Mr. Lancaster shows how easily a man whose left is the "master eye" may "shoot at the cock and kill the crow" if he be not armed with a gun adapted to his peculiarity. The author's success as a practical gun-maker in overcoming difficulties of this kind entitles him to speak with authority, and it must be said that he is not chary in giving the fruits of his wide experience to those who care to cull valuable hints from the treatise written and published by him. About the right and wrong position in which to shoot, the best way of carrying a gun, and the moment to fire at game in all varieties of flight, he discourses as lucidly and enthusiastically as he does about the most scientific principles of gun-making, and at much greater length. Every page of letter-press has its appropriate illustration from Mr. Temple's pencil; and from first to last there is not an uninteresting chapter—most of them, indeed, might be lengthened with advantage. Words of warning are given to sportsmen whose carelessness in carrying dangerous weapons and recklessness in shooting without regard for others deserve even severer censure than Mr. Lancaster administers. Most of us are offenders at times, and ought to be thankful for any hint that might possibly save us from inflicting serious injury by mishap. The man who can conscientiously say that he never carried or handled a gun carelessly should be avoided, for he certainly does not know his own failings; and the sooner he places himself in the hands of a mentor so quick and keen to perceive slight defects, as Mr. Lancaster evidently is, the better.

Dry Fly-Fishing in Theory and Practice. By F. M. Halford (Sampson Low and Co.).—This is a notable book on the highest style of the angler's art, as it has been developed of late years. Artificial flies are now so delicately made; their colour, size, and form, and their appearance on the water, are so closely studied, that they have become true works of art. The adept is able to present his lure in such a form that even he may occasionally be uncertain, amongst a swarm of floating flies, which is the natural object and which is the artificial. If this be not "the art which conceals art" what is? It has been a subject of discussion amongst fishermen, who first put into practice fishing with the dry floating fly? The late Mr. Lewis Hillcock, of Exeter, whose reputation as a "great fisherman" still lives in Devonshire, so long ago as 1845 was in the habit of making his own floating flies and fishing with them. His flies—the bodies were of cork—would bear no comparison with such as are now used; nor was his success commensurate with the pains he took to bring his theory into practice. Fifty years or less ago, the angler was taught to look out for a cloudy, muggy, sunless day. Now, with the dry fly, neither sky nor water can be too bright, provided a moderate breeze ruffles the surface fished. Mr. Halford's treatise on "Floating Flies, and How to Dress Them," has reached a second edition, and is highly approved. He is known as an angler of large experience and acute observation of all the minutiae connected with his art. As a writer, he is distinguished by the fair way in which he deals with all "honest fishermen," to whom he gives these words of advice: "Fish fair, never take undersized or ill-conditioned fish." (Here we may add, "If a drum-headed, lanky, black, ugly, sickly fish falls to your lot knock him on the head, he is past mending.") "Never refuse to a brother angler a day's fishing or a pattern-fly, and give, as freely and fully as I have endeavoured to do, the benefit of any discovery you have made, or experience you have gained." We like this spirit; and as for Mr. Halford's book, without disparaging the many treatises, essays, and magazine or newspaper articles, that have been written of late years, we will say that this volume appears to be the most original and useful which has appeared since the late W. C. Stewart published his modest and valuable little book in 1857, "The Practical Angler." If skill in fly-fishing could be acquired by reading, this book, duly studied, would be sufficient. But it is needless to say that practice alone makes the angler; and even the youth who, setting up a mark on a piece of green lawn, practises casting his fly at it all the winter, under all conditions of distance, wind, and weather, will come out in the spring much better qualified to "make a dish of fish" than if he had sat in his easy chair and studied all the books on fishing ever written, from good old Izaak Walton's to Halford's "Dry Fly-Fishing." Yet we declare that no fisherman's library should lack this choice book; and the naturalist would also find much interesting matter in its pages. A word of praise for the illustrations must not be omitted. They are numerous, and finely coloured, in the superior edition, which is issued at a higher price.

The Amateur Golf Championship concluded at St. Andrew's on May 9 in a victory for Mr. Laidlaw, of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh. Leslie Balfour, of the Royal and Ancient, was second. Twenty couples from all parts of England and Scotland took part in the contest.

SILENT WAYS.

Though of recent years it has somewhat belied its old repute, May, the poets' May—Spenser's "fairest maid, decked all with dainties of her season's pride"; Chaucer's "moneth glad that singen on the spray"; Milton's "flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose"—still retains its charm and attraction for us. Bringing with it the various music, diversified by all kinds of delicious cadences, modulations, intervals, and gliding passages, of merle and mavis and nightingale, of whitethroat and warbler, of goldfinch and chaffinch, together with the melancholy "minor third" of the cuckoo; bringing with it the tender green foliage of the ash, the darker green of the elm and poplar, the bronze-green of the beech, the "golden fires" of the laburnum, and the rich spiral blossoms of the chestnut; bringing with it the young fresh verdure of the hedgerows, where the bramble bushes are putting forth their shoots and the elders all a-budding; bringing with it the tall rushes of the brook, the water-plantains, and the dark-green clumps of the marsh marigolds; bringing with it the blue of the dog-violets and the pearly white of the stitchworts, the winsomeness of red and white campions, the scent of the sweet woodruff, the quaintness of the orchises and the glory of golden buttercups; bringing with it, above all, the virgin may-bloom, white and pure as Alpine snow, and loaded with a fragrance like that of Cytherea's breath—who but must open his heart to the bright presence of the May? And it comes too with a train of Nature's fairies—the butterflies which now begin to flutter abroad and to display in the sunshine the sheen of their exquisitely woven wings, passing from flower to flower with those airy, swift, and circling motions of theirs, which give them the appearance of sudden flashes and points of colour—ruby and amethyst, gold, purple, and azure. I have read in some fairy tale of a cloak or mantle all made of butterflies' wings; can you conceive of anything more beautiful? "I would be a fitting garment even for Shakespeare's Titania. Spenser describes the butterfly as "lord of all the works of Nature," who makes the realms of earth and air his own, feeds on the honeydew of flowers, and takes "whatever thing doth please the eye." Certain it is that the May-month may well boast of this brilliant new-comer, who goeth to and fro like a bridegroom in all his bravery—decked out in rich and delicate colourings, which shift and blend in such soft, lustrous opaline hues as sometimes float through a summer dream.

This beauteous May, with its birds and blossoms and bright living creatures of air and earth, tempts us forth into the green lanes, the "silent ways," which are now so rapidly putting on their seasonable pageantry; those silent ways which—remote from the hum of men, uninvaded even by the cyclist, almost unknown, perhaps, even to rustic lovers or half-fledged poets, meditating their "serannel" songs—happily retain not a little of the old-world sweetness of rural England. Tenderly sheltered by long lines of blooming hedgerows, and screened by the shade of trees—of ash and willow and elm, of tall poplar and murmurous lime, of oak and chestnut and beech—with interlacing boughs closing over them in a gracious arcade of leafiness, which admits the sunshine only in casual waves or in glancing shafts of golden radiance, these silent ways creep up our gentle English hills, and dip down into our pastoral English valleys, and traverse fair green pastures, dappled with drowsy kine, and steal round verdurous copses, and catch the dropping fruit from ripened orchards; passing at odd times a cluster of white-walled, straw-roofed cottages, each with its tiny growth of fruit and vegetables, and its tangle of rose and honeysuckle over the porch, and the buzz of golden-belted bees about its window-panes; or, perhaps, a solid-looking, quaintly timbered farm-house, with brown ricks set up primly in the garth, and the sound of the winnowing frame in its brick-built barn, and the lowing of big-uddered cows as they loiter on their way to the byre; or the old village church, with the ivy of a hundred years mantling its square-based tower, and the shrill clamour of jackdaws ringing discordantly over the daisied mounds where sleeps the dust of forgotten generations.

It is pretty to see how these "silent ways" cross and recross each other; how they ramble from point to point, as if they loved the sweet rural scenes through which they take their lingering course, and could never have enough of them; how they lose themselves sometimes in the midst of waving corn-fields, or on the green threshold of the woods, or in other lanes as leafy and not less silent, or how they end on the banks of some shining river, or widen out vaguely into old, old

turnpike roads, or disappear on the breezy common among the golden gorse and the bramble, and the ferny growth where the leverets love to play. To my mind, England has nothing else so beautiful, so characteristic, so individual as her "silent ways." There are loftier mountains in many a land. We have no Niagara—except a "counterfeit presentment" on canvas. Our rivers are mere rills and rivulets compared with the great rolling floods of the Western world. But we would not exchange our green lanes, our silent ways, where the singing birds rejoice, and the hawthorn blooms, and the children's fruit—the blackberry—slowly ripens, for all the thunders of Niagara, all the turbid waters of Mississippi or Orinoco. A remarkable thing about these green lanes of ours is—their lonesomeness. We are constantly told about the overpopulation of England; but here, at least, we see no sign of it. We may be as solitary among them as the moodiest misanthrope could desire—as much alone as one of the old Christian hermits in the Thebais, or as a traveller in the hot African wildernesses. I myself have wandered for a long summer's day, and heard never a sound except the melodies of the birds, the tinkle of a brook in the hollow, or the crooning

days of English agriculture, the loaded wains rolled heavily along with the rich produce of tawny harvest-fields. In the "good old times," when Hanoverian George ruled at St. James's, Madam's chariot, drawn by four fat horses, has lumbered on its road to the distant manor-house, which still stands yonder among sheltering groves, though of late years converted to meaner uses. Perhaps in one of these silent ways, on a clear moonlit night, Madam may have been stopped by a pistol at her coachman's head; and a Beau Brocade, such as Mr. Austin Dobson has pleasantly sung of, drest in "his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest," with "a laced historical coat of blue" worn under "his silver-grey surtout" has thrown wide the carriage-door, relieved Madam of her watch and rings, then courteously helped her to alight, and on the greensward paced with the reluctant gentlewoman a slow and stately minuet, humming, meanwhile, the latest air of Rameau. In a still remoter period, Rupert's Cavaliers may have galloped past the fragrant hedgerows, with plumes dancing in the air and breastplates shining in the sun, and their voices raised in love-lyric or bacchanal; or Cromwell's Ironsides marched along the echoing lanes, with firm, victorious step, chanting a Psalm of David. Did they pick the May-bloom, Cavaliers or Roundheads, as they rode? Were the flowers as fair, and the birdies' songs as sweet, then as they are now, in these "silent ways"? W. H. D.-A.

CHIN FRONTIER.

The recent military expedition to repress the inroads of the Siyin Chin and Tashon Chin tribes, on the western frontier of Upper Burmah, has been described in former accounts. Its first object was to relieve the garrison of the beleaguered post at Gungaw, near which place a smart action was fought on Jan. 6, dispersing the enemy in that part; the British and Indian troops advanced by the Gyobian Pass into the Yaw country, over the Pong-doung mountain range, and drove the broken hostile bands home to their own valleys, where they were pursued and further chastised. Pouk, the chief town of the Yaw people, who are subjects of Burmah, situated on the Kyaw River, is now connected with Thellin by a new military road; and a line of police-stations has been formed which secures the frontier against the Chin marauding incursions. The loss of life on our side, in these operations, had not exceeded a dozen men; but so late as May 4, there were renewed conflicts, in one of which Lieutenant W. Michell, of the Norfolk Regiment, was killed on that day. Brigadier-General Faunce was in chief command of the troops, which were chiefly drawn from the Madras Army, with several Goorkha regiments. Our present illustration, that of the 10th Madras Native Infantry crossing the Yaw River, is derived, like some of those already published, from a series of photographs, with which we are favoured by Surgeon Arthur E. G. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff, serving with that regiment.

TURKISH CULTURE.

On May 9 a lecture was delivered at Exeter Hall by Professor Vambéry, of Buda-Pesth, under the auspices of the Anglo-Hungarian Committee, on "Cultural Progress in Turkey," a complimentary address having been presented to the Professor on behalf of the Foreign Affairs Association, Newcastle-on-Tyne, earlier in the day at Exeter Hall, Strand. The gathering in the evening, which was numerous, was presided over by Sir Lepel Griffin, who, in introducing the lecturer, alluded in laudatory terms to his adventurous travels and the friendly attitude he had always assumed towards England.

The Professor, in an interesting survey of social and domestic life in Turkey, said that in dress the Turk more approached ourselves in all but his head-gear; that the food of the upper classes was nearly like our own; that even the harem—the blackest point of social life in the East—had undergone, and was continually undergoing, essential changes; that the Turkish ladies had begun to show improved tastes; the veil had risen from their eyes to the upper part of the forehead, and they no longer appeared in public places with a shy and timid look; and that in the habitations, the furniture, the dress, and the social intercourse of the better class of the Osmanlis hardly any trace was left of the Oriental spirit which pervaded the corresponding class in Persia and in India. In speaking of the educational system he expressed his belief that before long the proportion of people in Turkey able to read and write would be as great as it is in European countries generally. In concluding he remarked that it was high time Englishmen parted with the misconceptions and prejudices which had guided them hitherto in their judgment of Eastern affairs.—A cordial vote of thanks was given to the Professor for his lecture.



READING TO THE CONVALESCENT.—PICTURE BY H. KAULBACH.

of the breeze as twilight drew on apace. There is something almost eerie in this silence—this unexpected loneliness—often within the near neighbourhood of a great line of railway or a busy market-town. There are parts of Berkshire, of Oxfordshire, of Surrey, of Herefordshire, even of Kent, where any individual "crossed in love," or "vexed with the eternal want of pence," may voluntarily cut himself off from communion with his kind for so long as his spleen endures. Perhaps in the distance he will sometimes see the labourers working in the sunny fields, or at a corner of the lane catch sight of a tiny hamlet, and hear the laughter of children or the babble of women; but these he can easily avoid by the help of a friendly stile and of the footpath on the other side, which leads, he may be sure, to still more sequestered shades. There is solitude here to be had for the asking!

"Oh, that those lips had language!" says Mr. William Cowper, addressing his mother's portrait; "Oh, that these silent ways could speak!" exclaims the traveller, as the crisp turf springs beneath his cheerful tread. Who made you? he would like to inquire of them; Who first led you on your devious courses? One cannot help wondering whether they were always as still and as unfrequented as they are to-day. But no; the initials and true-lovers' knots carved on the trunks of beech and elm, and on the bars and posts of five-barred gates, tell of a time when whispering lovers sauntered hand in hand beneath the drooping boughs. In the palmy



THE CHIN FRONTIER CAMPAIGN IN BURMAH: TROOPS CROSSING THE YAW RIVER.

TILL DEATH US PART.

"Is she better, Doctor?"
"No; worse. Can't last through the night, I'm afraid."
The forester's wife pauses a moment, looking after the physician's carriage as it whirls out of sight in the gathering darkness along the road; then, exclaiming sadly "Poor, dear young lady!" she closes again the heavy iron gates, and retires to her own happy hearthside within the lodge.
Night has all but fallen, and though it is still only dusk upon the open road outside, within the avenue the gloaming is already deepening into mirk, and under the shadows of the limes it will soon be quite dark. A quiet spring night. When the wheels of the doctor's carriage have retreated in the distance, no sound is to be heard amid the shadows but the twitter of a blackbird settling itself again to roost in its perched dreaming-place among the spruce-branches, and the silvery tinkle of a streamlet making its way at hand through the ferny under-tangle of the wood. The air is rich with the fresh sweetness of budding life—the breath of unseen primroses opening their creamy petals upon dewy moss-banks in the darkness. Born amid the stillness, new, vague hopes stir within the heart; everywhere seems the delicious promise of the time of blossom and leaf that is to be; and the motionless night itself seems conscious of the coming of desire. It is a night to inspire a poet or a lover; every faint wood-scent, the cool touch of the night-air itself upon the cheek, bringing with it some subtle suggestion, the more delightful that it is undefined, setting the pulse of youth a-beating with thoughts of a glad to-morrow.
Alas for those to whom no morrow will come!

At the upper end of the long avenue a faint light is shining yet in two windows of the many-gabled mansion-house. One of the windows is open, and within, at a small table, leaning his head upon his hand, can be seen the figure of a man. It is the master of the house. He has just received the last sentence of the physician, "I can be of no further service. The end will probably come before to-morrow"; and the words are still in his ears, beating like a leaden pendulum against his heart. Straight before him into the dark night he is gazing; but the eyes that look are tearless: only the drawn line about his mouth and the pitiful twitching of his lip bespeak the emotion that is working within. Yet he is not altogether left to himself. The air from the open window stirs his hair and fans his pale cheek—Nature, like a sweet and gentle friend, would offer him the soothing of her sympathy. Probably he is unconscious of it—drowning in the hopeless flood-tide of his grief; but with the gentle air stealing in from the darkness outside the influence of the great Reconciler, mother-heart of all mankind, is already touching him. While his ear takes in the soft movements of the nurse in the next room, tending all that is dearest to him on earth, his heart, stirred unconsciously by the subtle suggestions of the incoming night-scents, is travelling, torn with regret, through the tender avenues of the past. And strangely fresh in every detail re-appear those scenes imprinted upon the pages of memory by the sunshine of love.

He is in a cottager's garden, listening, amid the hum of the hives and the glory of old-fashioned wallflower borders, to the gossip of the simple old soul who is showing him her little domain. There is the quick trotting of a pony. A low phaeton drives past on the road beneath. And he has seen and shared the smiling glance of a gentle, lovely face—a sunny glimpse to be remembered. Again, he has been picnicking with friends, a family party, on the shore of a Highland loch, and has noticed with mingled admiration and resentment that while all others have been seeking their own enjoyment, one pair of frank and willing little hands has wrought the whole comfort of the group. They are in the shallops, rowing home, and as, pulling at his oar, he listens to the innocent freshness of a shy young voice singing some Highland boat-song, he becomes conscious for the first time of a vista before him of wondrous new and fair possibilities—a path in life which is not to be trodden alone. Once more. It is a secluded spot. He has wandered, in happy company, from his party. Clear as yesterday comes back the memory of the scene. In front some tented waggons, rust-brown with wandering years, trail down the woodland by-road. The gipsy woman has taken his silver coin, and, with a keen, shrewd glance, has wished "the lady and gentleman a happy bridal!" He has seized the moment, has whispered the secret which was no secret, and has read in shining eyes the answer of his hopes.

All that was a year ago, little more—woodland and lake and garden, with a hundred other scenes and episodes as tender, bright, crowding back, fill his heart to bursting; and now—

He rises, closing the window, and passes into the adjoining room.

Treading softly on the thick carpet, a glance assures him that nothing has altered in the sick chamber since he left it with the physician. Only amid the momentous stillness, in the subdued light by the fire, the trim, white-aproned nurse is trying to read. A whisper to her—she will be called if required; and, closing the door noiselessly behind her, she leaves him to watch alone.

Alone, for the last time, with all that is dear to him—the flower that is fading out of his life so soon! He turns to the bed. There, pale with a preternatural loveliness, her dark hair spread like a cloud upon the pillow, lies the sunny sweetheart, the shy bride of a year ago. A faint moan, the glistering of a tear between the closed eyelids, betrays the grief that is haunting that strange shadowland between this world and the next—grief for that which was not to be! He can look no more! Sinking into a chair by the fire, he buries his face in his hands: it is the hour of his despair.

Midnight has long passed; the fire is sinking unheeded in the grate; and he has not moved.

In a moment he is by the bed, that thin, hot hand in his, gazing heartbroken into the face of his wife. In those grey eyes of hers there is no second thought. Love, for the time is short, has dropped his last disguise, and looks forth from them with unutterable tenderness and regret. "Arthur!" She lingers fondly upon his name, and her fingers push the hair tenderly from his brow—"Arthur!"

But there is a sudden change. A look of terror springs to her eyes, and she clings wildly to his arm. Is this the end? She would have fallen back upon the pillow had not his arm been round her. With a despairing effort, her eyes filling with tears, she articulates, "We have—been—very—happy—my dear!" Their lips meet for the last time—a long, long farewell. Then a second shadow passes over her face. He lays her gently back upon the pillow. The wistful, eager look dies away out of her eyes. It is all over. He is alone, kneeling by the bed, his face pressed deep into his hands. A gust of wind, rising outside, shakes the sash of the window; the crow of chattering is heard far off at the stables; it is three o'clock, the coldest hour of the night.
And in the lodge at the foot of the avenue, at that hour, the young forester's wife, stirring softly in her sleep, presses the month-old babe beside her closer to her heart. G. E. T.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

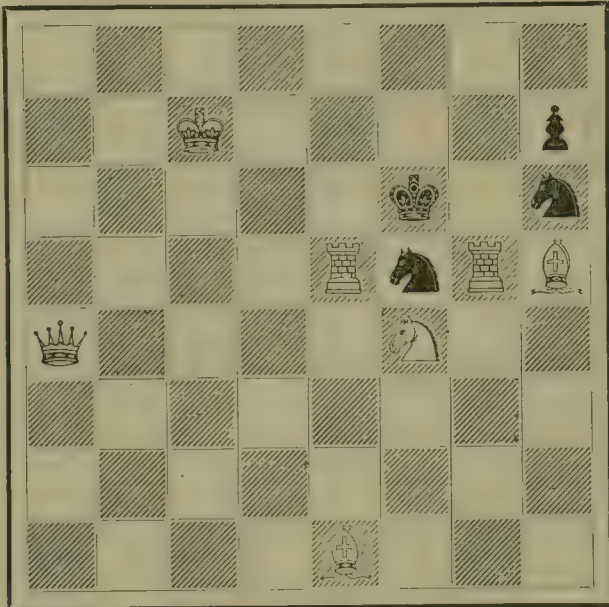
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
A BREWER (Alost).—Thanks for your information. We are glad to hear chess is flourishing in your country, as, indeed, we should judge to be the case from the strength of your champion.
W BIDDLE.—The problem is neat, but, under the circumstance of its previous publication, we cannot accept it.
C M A B (Bonchurch).—The Pawn can be exchanged for any piece on reaching its eighth square.
B W LA MOTHE (New York).—No. 1 admits of a second solution by 1. R B 7th (ch) K to K 3rd; 2. R takes Q P, &c.; and No. 5 by 1. Kt to Kt 3rd (ch), K to Q 3rd; 2. Q to K 8th, &c.
W HARRISON.—White cannot mate under four moves in your problem if Black plays 2. Kt to K 4th.
W K.—Many thanks for your obliging offer; we possess a copy of the work in question.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2348 received from Clara Finch (Paul), Perrin Bastin (Carolina), and J W (Natal); of No. 2349 from R H Brooks and E Bohnstedt; of No. 2350 from Emile Frau (Lyons), A V Hamilton Gell (Exeter), E Bohnstedt, and R F H; of No. 2351 from Joseph T Pullen, A Bocher (Alost), A R Wilson, J C Tahor (Great Baddow), C Harper, P C (The Hague), and W O Sillar.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2352 received from Dr F St. Julia Short (Exeter), R E N Banks, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), T G (Ware), E Loudon, G J Veale, Thomas Chown, Rev Winfield Cooper, Howard A, Martin F, Charles Worrall, W Hillier, Dawn, E E H, R H Brooks, Jupiter Junior, R Worsters (Canterbury), A W Hamilton Gell, T Roberts, Bernard Reynolds, Shadforth, W Harrison, E Casella (Paris), Joseph T Pullen, W Biddle, Fr Fernando, Ruby Rook, Emile Frau, J T W, J Coad, Hereward, J D Tucker (Leeds), J Heworth Shaw, A R Wilson, C E Perugini, Alpha, Dan John, Sergeant Gordon (R.E.), S Mahoney (Birkenhead), Rev J Gaskin (Rheims), W G M (Clacton-on-Sea), W R Raillem, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Thomas Pattinson (Waterfoot), H J Blackham (Manchester), A Gregory, Bernard Jackson, and O J Gibbs (Coventry).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2350.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 3rd. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2354.

By H. F. L. MEYER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Messrs. BLACKBURN and LIPSCHUTZ.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
P to B 4th is the usual continuation. The move in the text, however, leads to a sound defence.
5. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd
6. P to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
7. R to B sq Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. P takes P P takes P
9. B to Q 3rd P takes Kt
10. Castles Kt to K 5th
11. B to B 4th
The attack and defence at this point are alike good. White now threatens 12. B takes P, Q takes B; 13. Kt takes Kt, &c., leaving Black's Q isolated.
11. P to Q B 4th
12. Q to K 2nd P to K B 4th
13. K R to Q sq P to Q B 5th
14. B takes Kt B P takes B
These captures are not altogether favourable to Black's centre.
15. Kt to K 5th
Trying to force an exchange of Knights in order to break up Black's Pawns.
15. Kt to B 3rd
16. P to K Kt 4th. Q to K sq
17. Q to B sq B to Q 3rd
18. P to K R 3rd Q R to Q sq
19. Q to Kt 2nd P to Q Kt 4th
20. Kt to K 2nd P to Kt 5th
This exchange was most imprudent, giving White a clear Rook's file, which, against a player like Mr. Blackburn, is simply suicidal.
20. R P takes B P to Kt 3rd
21. Kt to B sq B to R 3rd
21. Kt to Q 2nd Q to B 2nd
R to Q 2nd seems better; but Black's game is practically gone. White plays from this point with irresistible force.
25. Kt to B 3rd Q R to K 5th
26. R to R 6th K to Q 4th
27. P to Kt 4th K to R sq
28. Kt to K 5th Q to B 2nd
29. Q R to R sq R to K 2nd
30. Kt takes P (ch) Kt takes Kt
31. R takes Kt R to Q 4th
32. R (Kt 6th) to R K to Kt sq
6th
33. P to Kt 6th. And wins.

Game played between Messrs. GUNSBURG and MAX JUDD.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. Q Kt to B 3rd K Kt to B 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th B to K 2nd
5. B takes Kt B takes B
6. Kt to B 3rd P takes P
The authorities prefer Castling at this point.
7. Kt takes P Castles
8. P to B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
Feeble and purposeless, giving White the benefit of another move.
9. B to Q 3rd R to K sq
10. P to K R 4th R to Q 2nd
11. K Kt to Kt 5th Kt to B sq
12. Q to B 3rd
The natural move, but yet one of unusual strength.
12. R to Q Kt sq
13. Castles (Q R) B to Kt 2nd
14. Q to K 3rd B to K 2nd
15. B to Kt 5th P to Q B 3rd
16. B to B 4th P to Q Kt 4th
17. B to Kt 3rd P to Kt 5th
More waste of time.
We understand a Chess Congress will be held in Amsterdam during the year, to which the leading players of all countries are to be invited.
We have received the annual report of the City of London Chess Club, which chronicles a year of uninterrupted prosperity. The membership is now upwards of 200, out of whom something like 120 took part in the winter tournament. The most recent additions to the club include some very strong players, who are reckoned a valuable reinforcement to its fighting strength.
The *Neuesten Nachrichten* of Munich announces a problem tournament open to the world, in which two prizes of 100 and 80 marks are offered for problems in four moves, and three of 80, 60, and 40 marks respectively for three move positions. The problems are to be sent in by October, and a prospectus can be obtained by writing to the Chess Editor of the paper.
The *Sheffield Independent* also announces its eighth problem and solution tourney. Valuable prizes are offered in each department, full particulars of which may be obtained from the Chess Editor, 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin. To the same address the names of those desiring to enter the *Dublin Mail* game correspondence tourney may be sent.

THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE.

Miss Montalba's pictures of Venice, its palaces and churches, its waters, its barges and gondolas—above all, its gorgeous skies—are generally admired. This view is one of the "Little Piazza," adjacent to the grand Piazza di San Marco, the headquarters of gondoliers plying on the Grand Canal, which is adorned with two granite pillars—one bearing the statue of St. Theodore, the other, shown in the picture, surmounted by the winged lion of the city's patron saint. The quay hence extends beyond the Doges' Palace to the eastward, but soon loses its companionship with stately and majestic buildings; its line is continued by the Riva degli Schiavoni to the Arsenal, in the direction of this view.

MUSIC.

The opening of a new season of the Royal Italian Opera—again under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris—is announced for May 18. We have already given an outline of the arrangements for the coming season, and can at present only refer to that for the opening night, when Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" was announced, with Miss Ella Russell, M. Talazac, Signor F. D'Andrade, and Signor Miranda in the principal characters. The work, which is an early production by the composer of the popular "Carmen," was brought out in an Italian version as "Leila," by Mr. Mapleson, at our Royal Italian Opera House, in April, 1887. Since the issue of Mr. Harris's prospectus of his new season, several important additions have been made to the engagements then announced.

Her Majesty's Theatre is to be reopened on May 25, again under the management of Mr. Mapleson, for a series of Italian operatic performances.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert of the series, which occurred on May 9, brought forward M. Ysaye, a distinguished Belgian violinist, who made his first appearance in England. He possesses a full resonant tone, and exceptional powers of execution, which were demonstrated in his performance of Beethoven's concerto (notably of an elaborate introduced cadenza) and smaller pieces by Bach and Saint-Saëns. The programme of the fourth concert included the first performance here of Mr. Cowen's fifth symphony, an elaborate and effective orchestral work that was composed for the Cambridge University Musical Society, and produced by that institution in 1887; and it was given at one of the Richter Concerts in London, in the same year. An early symphony of Haydn's (a bright and genial work) was a feature of the fourth concert, which also included vocal pieces effectively rendered by Mlle. Tremelli.

The concert of that excellent pianist, Miss Fanny Davies, derived a special interest from its having included the first performance in England of Brahms's new sonata for piano and violin, his latest published work of importance. It is classed as Op. 108, and consists of the usual four divisions, in each of which the earnest and careful workmanship of the composer is apparent, with less evidence of strained effort than is the case in many of his larger works. The "Adagio" of the sonata (based on one of the composer's songs) is especially beautiful. The rendering of the work by Miss F. Davies and Herr Straus was all that could be desired; the pianist having also been heard in important pianoforte solos.

An interesting feature of the concert of Misses M. and C. Eissler was their skilful rendering of a MS. sonata by Spohr for violin and harp, a work that was written for the associated performance of himself and his wife, who was an accomplished harpist. The sonata is one of several beautiful works for the same instruments produced by its composer, and is a welcome addition to the repertoire.

The programme of the first of Sir Charles Hallé's new series of Chamber Music Concerts—at St. James's Hall—included a posthumous string quartet by Cherubini, performed for the first time here on this occasion, led by Madame Néruda. The work is interesting in itself, and especially so as the production of one of the greatest composers of the past; whose powers, however, were best manifested in the music of the Church and that of the stage. The concert now referred to included the refined and graceful violin and pianoforte playing respectively of Madame Néruda, Lady Hallé, and Sir Charles Hallé; the string quartet party having been completed by MM. L. Ries, Straus, and F. Néruda.

The first of Señor Sarasate's new series of Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall took place on May 11. The great Spanish violinist displayed his rare executive skill in several pieces—Max Bruch's second concerto, the player's own fantasia on themes from "Carmen," and a solo by Raff. A full orchestra, ably conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, gave effect to the accompaniments, and to one of Liszt's "Poèmes Symphoniques," and Mendelssohn's overture to "Athalie."

The second Richter Concert of the new series (on May 13) comprised only one example of the music of the advanced German school—the Good Friday music from Wagner's "Parsifal," which has been several times performed and noticed previously, and therefore requires no comment on the present occasion, when the specimens of the classical school of the past were Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, Mozart's symphony in D (the "Prague" symphony), and Schumann's first symphony (in B flat), the programme having been completed by a Russian composition, Glinka's characteristic orchestral fantasia entitled "Komarinskaja." Here was ample variety and substantial interest, although no novelty.

The series of Spanish Concerts at the International Hall, Piccadilly-circus, began on May 11 with some characteristic performances, in which guitars and mandolins were the prominent instruments.

The Duke of Devonshire, on May 9, graciously gave up the handsome Music-Room of Devonshire House for a performance of Mr. Robert Goldbeck's comic opera, "Newport." To judge from the musical portions rendered, "Newport" abounds in light, gay, Offenbachian strains; and the humorous and sentimental songs, well sung by Miss Rosina Brandram, Miss Sybil Grey, Miss Florence Wright, Mr. Richard Temple, and others, indicated that Mr. Goldbeck's lyric comedy is a sparkling and lively skit at life at a fashionable American watering-place.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society gave a smoking concert at Prince's Hall on May 11; on which date the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave its third concert at St. James's Hall. The programme in each case was very indicative of the high standard of the amateur taste of the day. The fourth smoking concert of the last-named society was postponed to May 18.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included those of Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Borowski, the Misses F. and E. Gibbs, Madame Kisch, Miss Dora Schirmacher, Miss and Mr. Harnden, Mr. H. Phillips, and Madame Haas.

Princess Christian opened the new building of the Blackheath and Charlton Cottage Hospital, in the Shooter's-hill-road, on May 11, in the presence of a distinguished company. After the ceremony, purses were presented to her Royal Highness for the hospital.



THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE.—BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.

"MAKE-BELIEVE."

Make-believe is the reality of children, and is far more real to them than the life which they appear to live in the nursery and in the school-room. The little girl will nurse her baby doll, undress it, and rock it to sleep in its cradle with a tenderness that reminds us of the mother's care for her; the boy will arrange his mimic soldiers for battle, and place his guns in position with all the sobriety of a general. He feels that he has a great work in hand, too serious for laughter. Sometimes every chair in the play-room has an invisible guest, and each guest is supposed to take an active share in the amusement of the company. Edward and Effie do not answer to their baptismal names. One is, perhaps, a famous knight, and the other a maiden lost in a forest as trackless as that through which Stanley has cut his way. She is very beautiful, and he so brave and strong that, Don Quixote-like, his single arm can destroy at one blow at least a dozen of the enemy. How stupid and how dull we grown-up people must seem to the fancy-loving little ones of the nursery! Where we see a London square or a small suburban garden, they see roses without a thorn, or glades haunted by fairies.

The love of children for a make-believe world is indeed boundless, and so is their faith in it. They can see the Delectable Mountains from their windows, and streets paved with gold although lighted by gas-lamps, and make stories to pictures out of their own heads like Maggie Tulliver. Poor little Maggie was not exactly making-believe when she ran away to the gipsies; but, childlike, she was living in an imaginary world, and on her way had, we are told, "haunting images of Apollyon, and a highwayman with a pistol, and a blinking dwarf in yellow, with a mouth from ear to ear," and when the gipsy woman asked "the pretty lady" if she had come to live with her, it was "just like a story." But on getting frightened at their strange ways, Maggie fears she cannot be their Queen, and wishes that Jack the Giant-Killer, or Mr. Greathart, or St. George who slew the Dragon on the halfpennies, would happen to pass that way.

Truly the most delightful of all worlds is the make-believe world of happy children. Walter Scott was one of the happiest, and lived when a little boy amidst the imaginary scenes created for him by the magic of Spenser, Shakspeare, and the "Arabian Nights." Listen to his account in after-life of his delight at the advanced age of four in witnessing the play of "As You Like It" at the Bath Theatre:—"The witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, more noise than enough, and remember being so scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene that I screamed out, 'Aint they brothers?'" And at fifty-three Sir Walter wrote:—"My life, though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream. Since I was five years old I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement." And even after the first years of childhood the boy and girl still live in a joyous

world of hope and fancy, of which we, their care-troubled elders, have lost all trace—

Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

When the golden days of youth are over, make-believe generally assumes a very different aspect. If the grown-up man and woman make-believe, they do so probably because they are to some extent hypocritical, and assume a character to which they have no claim. Many a man is not really so benevolent or self-sacrificing as one might suppose by the fine things he says; and yet it is no doubt certain, as has lately been stated, that if you make-believe hard enough, fast enough, and long enough you may even take yourself in, and certainly may take in other people. Few men like to see themselves just as they are. They have such a friendly feeling for their faults that the faults are almost regarded as virtues. They may not be consciously pretending, but they do not mind assuming credit for qualities they don't possess. What they strive to do is to keep up appearances, just as some ladies have been known to put on a youthful aspect long after the bloom of youth has fled—

Stiff in brocade and pinched in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree
The evening has the day belied;
And Phillis is some forty-three.

In women, by-the-way, it is generally supposed lawful in certain circumstances to make-believe. A girl may have a very tender feeling in her heart for a young man, but cannot be expected to confess it while he continues silent. If her love be warm, her manner in all likelihood will be cold, and the reserve she shows when in the presence of the beloved one is not due to hypocrisy, but to modesty. The art, or what looks like art in her conduct, is itself taught by Nature.

The manoeuvres of match-making mothers often tempt them to make-believe, and the fashionable mamma of our day does this with a finesse that would have been incomprehensible to the Vicar of Wakefield's wife. That good lady, you will remember, in her eagerness to catch the squire would tell him if the cakes were crisp that they were made by Olivia, and would sometimes say "that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest." That the fashionable mamma's daughters understand her delicate arts and assist her in them is one of the questions which an ignorant male writer cannot venture to answer. How do I know? Not one of them has made me her confidant, and if she had it would be my bounden duty to be ignorant still. There is, by-the-way, one make-believe which is often practised by women, and needs the calm courage of a martyr. I mean the cheerful voice and smile of a wife by the bedside of her dying husband, when she is ready to faint from weariness and her heart is breaking with sorrow.

Society is very much held together by pardonable make-believes. We smile and wear a face of gladness when the heart is often infinitely sad; we talk pleasantly to people whom we are, perhaps, wishing all the time at Jericho; we call on acquaintances as a matter of politeness and hope to learn that they are "Not at home;" and we have even been known to write "Dear Smith," or "Dear Brown," to a man for whom we have an unmitigated contempt. "What a strange thing," Scott wrote in his Diary, "if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide and show us the state of people's real minds! Life could not be endured were it seen in reality." But how strange and even solemn it is to think that one may live for years with people in the same house and yet not know the real man or the real woman! The conventionalities of social life enable us to go masked, and, perhaps, as Sir Walter said, it is well that it should be so.

It is certain that all occupations abound in make-believes. There is not a trade that is not familiar with them, not a profession that does not contain charlatans, not a hoarding in our London streets that does not proclaim their existence. In all forms, and in all places, we may see indications of men seeming otherwise than they are. People—

Who bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show

are not real mourners, and we don't look for grief in undertakers, despite their melancholy garb.

J. D.

Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P., has accepted the post of President of the Congress of the Sanitary Institute, which is to be held in Worcester in September.

The Professorship of English Literature at University College, London, has been conferred on Mr. William Paton Ker, Fellow of All Souls' College, late Taylorian Scholar, and Professor of English Literature in the University College of South Wales.

Speaking at a meeting held at Leeds on May 9, in aid of the Church Building and other societies, the Bishop of Ripon said that during the past fifty years the society had given £130,000 for the erection of new churches and mission rooms. He urged that the future of this society should not be less than its past, but that as new necessities pressed upon them they should meet them, particularly in aiding aged and necessitous clergymen by means of the Victoria Fund, which granted pensions to deserving clergymen.

The Corporation of Ramsgate have, in addition to the Wellington-crescent Gardens, lately bought at a moderate cost, just acquired by conveyance from the trustees of the late Baroness Truro, the Victoria Gardens and adjacent drives and thoroughfares, being the remainder of the Mount Albion Estate still unsold. The gardens, which are extensive, stretching from the Wellington-crescent Gardens, in front of the Granville Hotel, to the Coastguard Station, will be laid out in an attractive manner, and thrown open to the public.

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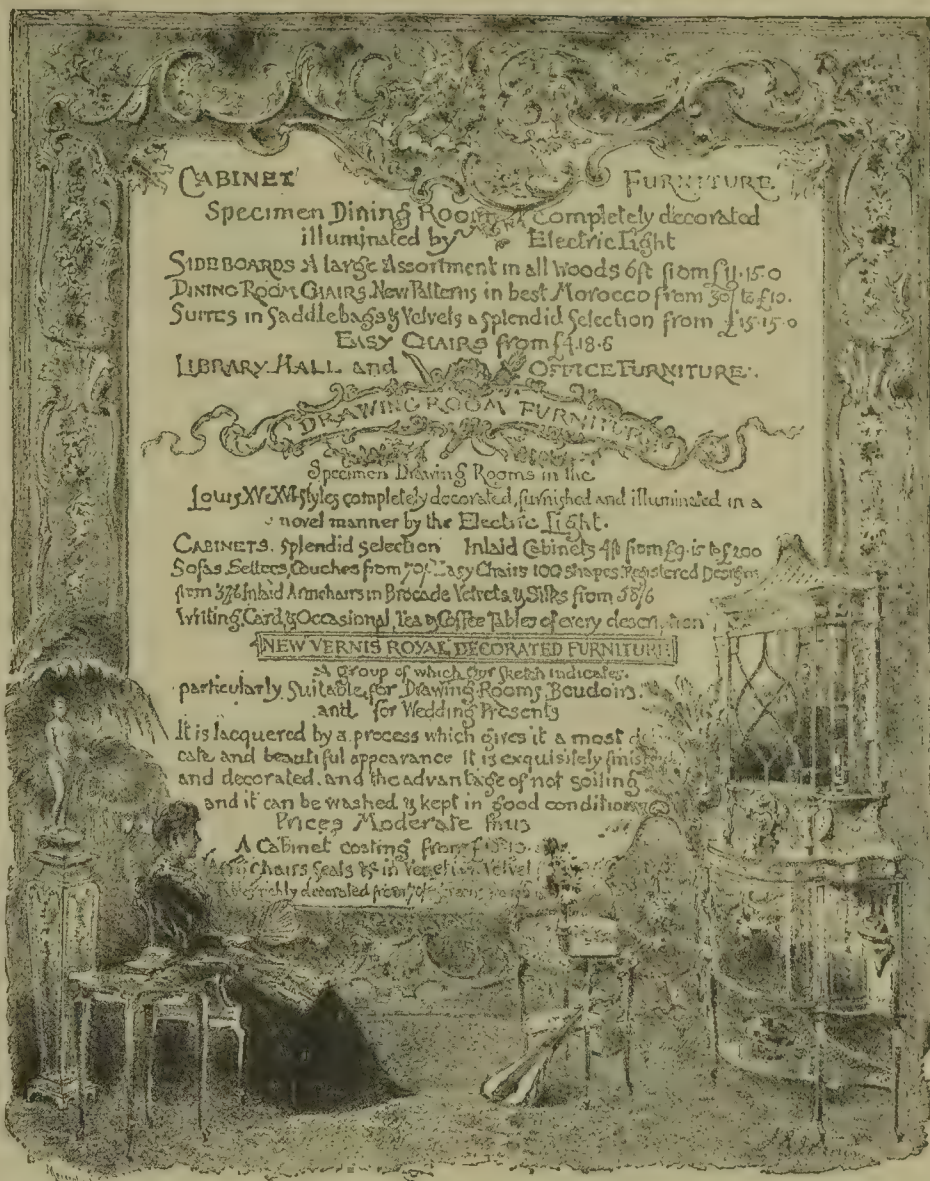
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It is lacquered by a process which gives it a most
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Prices Moderate thus

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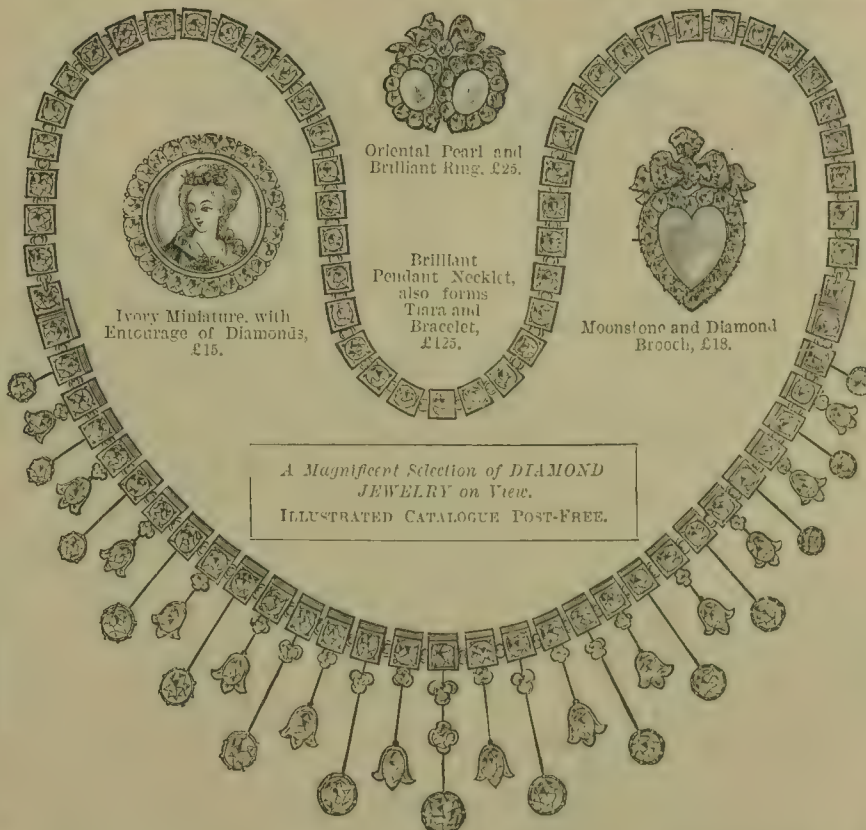


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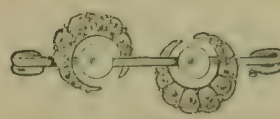
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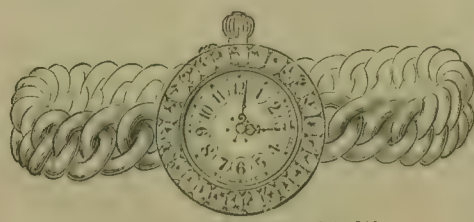
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For Wills and Bequests, see page 638; Ladies' Column, page 640; Obituary, page 642.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1884) of Mr. Theophilus Code, formerly of the United States of America, and late of The Rookery, Marazion, Cornwall, who died on March 28, was proved on May 4 by Mrs. Sarah Code; the widow, Thomas Willis Field, Francis Harvey, and Pearse Jenkin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £238,000. The testator gives £1500, all the securities standing in the joint names of himself and wife, and all his live and dead stock, furniture, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Code; and £125 to each executor (except his wife). The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one third thereof, upon trust for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint; and one third, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, Mary Ford Code and Eleanor Colton Code, for life, and then to their respective children. He specially directs that if either of his two daughters marry a first cousin she is to forfeit her share in his residuary estate.

The will (dated March 4, 1879) of Mr. James Wickens, J.P., late of Donnington Hall, Ledbury, Herefordshire, who died on March 16, was proved on May 6 by Miss Katharine Wickens, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator gives £500, his furniture, horses, carriages, and farming stock to his said sister, Katharine Wickens; and legacies to servants. Subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate to his three sisters, Frances Wickens, Emily Wickens, and Katharine Wickens, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1887), with a codicil, of Mr. John White Cater, late of West Lodge, Barnet, chairman of the London and Brazilian Bank, the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, and the Ocean Marine Insurance Company, who died on March 20, was proved on May 6 by John Beaton and John James Cater and Charles Alexander Cater, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £99,000. The testator gives £10,000 South Brazilian and Rio Grande do Sue Railway shares and £2000 Baltimore and Ohio Railway bonds, upon trust, for Mrs. Mary Cater, the widow of his son Aymar Cater; and eighty Brazilian Gold bonds of £112 10s. each and two Brazilian Gold bonds of £1000 each, upon trust, for his son Howell Paget Cater, for life, and then to his wife and children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons, John James Cater and Charles Alexander Cater.

The will of Mr. Henry Richard Saxby, late of No. 41, Albemarle-street, antique and foreign porcelain merchant, who died on March 29, at St. John's Cottage, Kingston, was proved on April 15 by Mrs. Eliza Collins, the daughter, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £52,000. Subject to a few legacies to relatives and friends, the testator leaves all his property to his daughter.

The will (dated May 22, 1888) of Mr. James Howard, J.P., D.L., the well-known agriculturist and stockbreeder, and senior member of the firm of J. and F. Howard, of the Britannia Agricultural Implement Works, Bedford, M.P. for Bedford, 1868-74, and for Bedfordshire 1880-5, late of Clapham Park, Bedfordshire, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on May 6 by James Harold Howard and Geoffrey Howard, the sons, and

John Frederick Nutter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £82,000. The testator gives £5000 each to his daughters, Alice Howard, Emily Hilda Howard, and Mrs. Katherine St. Osyth Smith; £250 to John Frederick Nutter; and his plate to his two sons. The residue of his property he leaves, as to three-eighths thereof, to each of his sons, James Harold Howard and Geoffrey Howard; and the remaining two eighths between his said three daughters.

The will (dated July 2, 1880), with a codicil (dated Aug. 28, 1885), of Mr. Adolphus Frederick Janvrin, formerly of No. 49, Pall-mall, and late of Queen's Parade-place, Bath, Somerset, who died at Jersey on April 18, was proved on May 4 by Edmund Ernest Venables and Mrs. Mary Catherine Philips, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator gives £2000 to his cousin, Emily Du Sanchez Dumaresq; £1000 each to Harry John Le C. Sumner, Constance Harriet Potts, De Lisle Grassie, Blanch Dumaresq, Harriet Le Couteur, Mrs. Edith Callaghan, and Mrs. Evelyn E. Utterton; £4000 to Edmund Ernest Venables; certain jewellery and lace and £1000 to Mrs. Mary Catherine Philips; £3000, upon trust, for the children of George Charlton; £3000, upon trust, for Mrs. Ella De Lisle, for life, and then for her husband and children; £1000, upon trust, for Mrs. Esther Tims, for life, and then for her daughter Gertrude; £1000 to Mrs. Rhoda Sumner; £500 to his valet; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Edmund Ernest Venables.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1887) of the Rev. William Francis Raymond-Stallard-Penoyre, J.P., late of The Moor and Hardwick Court, Hereford, and No. 14, Pittville-parade, Cheltenham, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, who died on March 14, was proved on May 2 by the Rev. Slade Baker, John Alan Clutton Brock, and the Rev. Slade Raymond Baker, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 and all his household furniture and effects to his daughter Maria Penoyre Forssten Raymond-Stallard-Penoyre; £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Ann Fanny Eliza Baker; £300 to his niece, Adeline Susan Penoyre Ffolliott; £100 between his grandchildren; £100 to the Clerical Charity for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Clergymen in the Archdeanery of Ludlow; and £25 to each executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Maria Penoyre Forssten Raymond-Stallard-Penoyre, for life, and then to her issue.

The will (dated July 4, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 10, 1887), of Mr. William Tyzaek, late of Abbeydale House, near Sheffield, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on April 16 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Maria Tyzaek, the widow, Walter Tyzaek, the son, and Arthur Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator gives £1000 to his son Walter Tyzaek; £2000 to his son Percy Tyzaek; £6000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Jessie and Ellen Tyzaek; £100 to each executor; £250, his furniture, horses and carriages, and the income of £7000 to his wife, for life or widowhood, this sum being reduced to £3500 on her remarriage; and £700 to his grandson, Percy Tyzaek Barnsley, on his coming of age. The residue of his property he leaves between his four children, Walter, Percy, Ellen and Jessie, his other two sons, Stuart and Frederick, having had provision made for them.

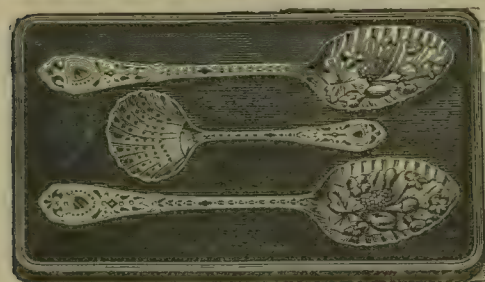
THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE.

The annual session of this institute was commenced on May 8 at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. D. Adamson, the retiring president, in the chair. In moving the adoption of the report, which was of a satisfactory character, Mr. Adamson said the institute had done great service to the iron trade. He congratulated all connected with the institute on the increased volume of trade done, and the brighter prospect for the future. Sir James Ritson, of the Monkbridge Ironworks, Leeds, was inducted into the presidential chair for the next two years. In the course of his inaugural address, Sir James entered into a defence of best Yorkshire iron, which, threatened with extinction by mild steel at the Paris meeting in 1878, was, he contended, the most trustworthy metal of the day, able, as it was, to endure without deterioration so much punishment in the hands of smith and engineer, and would for many years to come find a trusted place in the workshops of the world. The secretary laid before the institute an invitation he had received from the American Institute of Mining Engineers, to hold the autumnal meeting of the institute in 1890 in the United States. On the motion of Mr. Massey, seconded by Mr. Rogerson, of Durham, the meeting cordially endorsed the Council's acceptance of the American invitation. Subsequently Mr. James Riley, of Glasgow, read an interesting paper on alloys of nickel and steel, from the introduction of which he anticipated quite a revolution in constructive engineering, ship-building, and the manufacture of guns and armour-plate.

The members reassembled on the 9th under the presidency of Sir James Ritson. A discussion took place on a paper contributed by Mr. J. H. Darby, Brymbo, on his five years' experience of the basic hearth system at the Brymbo Steel Company's works. Several of the speakers expressed a decided opinion that the basic open hearth steel was the metal of the future, where durability and uniformity were required. Mr. R. Schroedter, secretary of the Iron and Steel Association, Dusseldorf, submitted a report he had been requested to draw up on the progress made in the German iron industry since the institute held its autumn meeting at Dusseldorf in 1880. Dr. E. J. Ball and Mr. A. Wingham gave the result of experiments they had instituted with the view of throwing light on the debatable question whether true alloys of copper and iron can be produced.

The final sitting took place on the 10th. The chair was taken by Sir James Kitson, the president. Mr. J. S. Jeans, the secretary, reading a paper prepared by Mr. A. Pourcel, of Middlesbrough, on the application of thermal chemistry to metallurgical reactions. As the result of his investigations Mr. Pourcel arrives at two main facts—namely, that silver does not decompose phosphate of iron, and that the temperature plays only a subordinate part in the elimination of phosphorus—two conclusions which completely upset the ideas he had formerly held. The Thomasset testing-machine, to which allusion was made in a discussion at the Edinburgh meeting of the institute last year, formed the subject of a paper by Mr. Frederick Gautier, of Paris. The author claimed that it assured thorough accuracy of testing, and that it was very successfully adapted to compression, flexion, twisting, and especially pulling stress, for the last-named of which it was mostly used.

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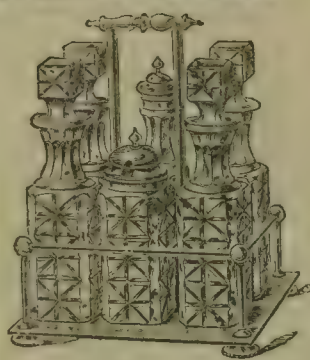
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Electro-Silver Dinner-Cruet. Cut-Glass Bottles, £3 10s. Plain Cut Bottles, £3.



Electro-Silver on Hard Nickel Breakfast-Dish. Converts into three Dishes by simply removing the Handle, £3 15s.

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Warranted not to chip, crack, or blister. Very effective for decorating by stencil. 1 lb. tin, 6d.; 2 lb. tin, 1s. 6d.; 4 lb. tin, 2s. 6d.; 8 lb. tin, 4s. 6d.; 16 lb. tin, 8s. 6d.; 32 lb. tin, 16s. 6d.; 64 lb. tin, 32s. 6d.; 128 lb. tin, 64s. 6d.; 256 lb. tin, 128s. 6d.; 512 lb. tin, 256s. 6d.; 1024 lb. tin, 512s. 6d.; 2048 lb. tin, 1024s. 6d.; 4096 lb. tin, 2048s. 6d.; 8192 lb. tin, 4096s. 6d.; 16384 lb. tin, 8192s. 6d.; 32768 lb. tin, 16384s. 6d.; 65536 lb. tin, 32768s. 6d.; 131072 lb. tin, 65536s. 6d.; 262144 lb. tin, 131072s. 6d.; 524288 lb. tin, 262144s. 6d.; 1048576 lb. tin, 524288s. 6d.; 2097152 lb. tin, 1048576s. 6d.; 4194304 lb. tin, 2097152s. 6d.; 8388608 lb. tin, 4194304s. 6d.; 16777216 lb. tin, 8388608s. 6d.; 33554432 lb. tin, 16777216s. 6d.; 67108864 lb. tin, 33554432s. 6d.; 134217728 lb. tin, 67108864s. 6d.; 268435456 lb. tin, 134217728s. 6d.; 536870912 lb. tin, 268435456s. 6d.; 1073741824 lb. tin, 536870912s. 6d.; 2147483648 lb. tin, 1073741824s. 6d.; 4294967296 lb. tin, 2147483648s. 6d.; 8589934592 lb. tin, 4294967296s. 6d.; 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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Wonderfully great has been the change in a short space of time in the social tone with regard to the "woman movement," as the many forms of effort for enlarging the sphere of activity and interest of our sex are generically called. It is scarcely possible to realise that only some fifteen years ago Mrs. Garrett Anderson was writing to the *Times* urging all women who wished to study medicine to go abroad, and "systematically disregard" the English law requiring doctors to be registered. She thus urged medical women to be content with the same status in the eye of the law as the quack at a country fair possessed, because she held that the difficulties of founding a woman's school and hospital in London, and of female students getting access to recognised examinations for degrees, were too "appalling" to be faced.

Indeed, the position which called forth these counsels of despair did seem almost a hopeless one. Every examining body refused to admit women, and, as regarded some of them, it had just been legally decided that they were not competent, even if they were willing, to grant degrees to females. Physicians and surgeons who ventured to give instruction to women-students were "boycotted" by their fellows. One eminent obstetrician, who had undertaken the post of Professor of Gynaecology at the Ladies' Medical College, of which I was then a student, was compelled to resign it at the end of two months, because, as he told his sad and indignant class, "It has been made clear to me that I must either give up my practice or give up lecturing to you." His colleagues at a large hospital had given him notice that they would all resign rather than continue to act with one who was teaching women; and he had been passed over for the chair of a medical society which else would have fallen to him in rotation, an intimation having been conveyed to him that he should have it next year if he gave up his professorship. An English lady holding a foreign degree was appointed to the house-surgeoncy of the Bristol Women's and Children's Hospital, and all the male surgeons and physicians resigned their posts. The press, lay and professional, teemed with adverse comments on the idea of medical women, and one after another eminent medical man used the strongest possible language against it; and though Professor Masson was right when he said that these objections "resolved themselves into a rampaging mysticism dashed with drivel from Anacreon," yet they were none the less difficult to reply to, and hard to bear.

So short a time ago! Profession, press, and public, all seemed to swell the current against medical women, and even one of the best known of themselves abandoned hope! To those who remember all this, there was a rare interest in a ceremony, marking the vast and rapid change in feeling on the subject, which took place on May 7. It was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Hospital for Women in Euston-road, by the Princess of Wales. The gracious presence and assistance of her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Prince and two of their daughters, shed lustre on the foundation of a large and costly women's hospital, to be officered

exclusively by women-doctors, and to be used as a place of instruction for female medical students in connection with a school of medicine for women from which already some eighty qualified practitioners have been sent forth to work in England and India, and the pupils of which find four doors into the medical profession freely open to their choice. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who was the first woman-physician to take a recognised degree and to be placed on the English register, commenced her studies just forty years ago. That simple, kindly, clever little lady, as she looked from beneath her plain black bonnet at the graceful ceremony the other day, and then glanced back in mind over the past forty years, might have found therein a text to preach from to her younger sisters as to what can be achieved by faith and hope, aided, be it added, by work so conscientious and honourable as her own has been.

The ever-graceful Princess wore a dress of black velvet, with a very narrow vest of white and gold brocade fastened down the centre with little gold buttons, while the loose edges of the black velvet coat above the vest were trimmed with large copper-coloured and enamel buttons from waist to throat. Her bonnet was of black tulle and net, relieved only by a diamond bar brooch pinned in the front, and a diamond-hilted sword-pin supporting the chapeau at the back; the narrow velvet strings, tied tightly and fixed up against the face, being adorned with more diamonds, and a pair of very large single pearl earrings shimmering against the darkness of the velvet. Her two daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, were in green amazon cloth, as plainly tailor-made as their costumes usually are; they had toque hats of the same cloth, with ribbon bows, and black straw brims.

An interesting group on the platform was composed by Lady Dufferin (in green velvet and black silk), whose work in procuring female medical aid for the women of India will never be forgotten there; Lady Granville (in a heliotrope bonnet and jet covered mantle), whose distinguished husband's influence had so much to do with opening the London University degrees to women; and the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley (in white tulle bonnet and black dress), one of the most zealous and constant friends of the medical education of women. It so chances that they are all three charming to look upon—Lady Stanley, no longer young, having the beauty of snow-white hair and a benevolent countenance; Lady Granville being tall and elegant, of the type of the Princess of Wales; and Lady Dufferin bearing herself with an unconscious and unaffected stateliness that doubtless comes, in part at least, from her many years of Vice-Queendom.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., in a grey dress and yellow-trimmed bonnet, pervaded the platform, looking beaming, as well she might do. She and Mrs. Hoggan, M.D. (now practising on the Riviera) were for years the only physicians of the small hospital from which this great new one has grown. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., the most distinguished of our lady doctors so far, she having carried off from all male competitors the gold medal for obstetrics of the University of London, and taken

first-class honours in several other branches of medical and surgical science, was specially recognised by the Princess of Wales, who sent for her into the tea-room. Some time ago Mrs. Scharlieb had the honour of a long conversation with the Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, to give her Royal Highness particulars about medical women's work in India, where Dr. Scharlieb practised for some ten years.

Another interesting personage on the platform was a slender girl with a dusky countenance and beautiful jet-black hair, and wearing a heliotrope Indian silk saree—it was Rukmabhai, the Hindoo child-wife, whose refusal to go to live in her womanhood with the husband to whom she had been bound in her helpless infancy led to so much excited controversy in India recently. Her husband, finding that English law would not give him the assistance of State prisons and policemen in forcing his unwilling and protesting child-wife into his home, has of his own accord declared her divorced from him; and the brave woman who has so won her own freedom and helped to break the chains of her sisters in like case with herself, has now come here to study medicine. Rukmabhai (as is recorded of so many other women who have done deeds of daring) has a singularly gentle expression, a sweet, almost timid smile, and a soft voice. You would say—here is a creature who can be crushed with a touch, swayed with a look; never dreaming that she is one who has ventured to defy ages of precedent, priestly authority, and even the first Judge who spoke to her in the name of English law, and has by her courage secured to her sisters who will tread in her footprints the right of free choice in their unions, in adult life.

Others on the platform were Lady Jackson, Mrs. Benson (the Archbishop of Canterbury's wife), the Dowager Countess of Buchan, the two Ladies Blackwood, and Lady Victoria Gower. Amongst the subscribers to the building fund is Miss Florence Nightingale (what a doctor *she* would have been!), who has sent £50, with the most cordial expressions of sympathy. About £5000 is yet urgently needed; and Miss M. Bagster, the secretary, 222, Marylebone-road, will gladly acknowledge donations. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The King of the Belgians has promised £500 towards the creation of the Stephenson addition to the Science College at Durham.

A woman employed at a public-house in High-street, Chatham, was engaged in cleaning the public parlour, when she found an old waterproof lying in a corner. Judging by the appearance of the parcel that it was useless, she threw it out of the window into the ashpit. The landlord of the house subsequently noticed the garment, and, having a stick in his hand, turned the bundle over. Struck with the weight of the parcel, he further examined it, and discovered a canvas pocket, containing 142 sovereigns, six half-sovereigns, and six £5 notes. The landlord took the money to the police-station, and it is now in charge of Superintendent Coppinger, who is investigating the strange affair.

Good



morning

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OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE WALDIE-GRIFFITH, BART.

Sir George Richard Waldie-Griffith, second Baronet, of Munster Grilagh, in the county of Londonderry, and of Pencoira, in the county of Anglesey, died on May 8. He was born Jan. 31, 1820, the only son of Sir Richard John Griffith, a distinguished civil engineer and author of the famous geological map of Ireland, who was created a Baronet for his long public services in 1858, by Maria Jane, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of Mr. George Waldie, of Hendersyde Park, in the county of Roxburgh. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1842. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Anglesey and Roxburghshire, and served as High Sheriff for the former county in 1860. In 1865 he assumed the additional surname of Waldie. He married, April 14, 1849, Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Nicholas Philpot Leader, M.P., of Dromagh Castle, in the county of Cork, and leaves with two daughters (Maria, wife of Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Chipchase Castle; and Isabel, wife of Mr. Turner-Farley, of Wartonby Hall) an only son, now Sir Richard John Waldie-Griffith, third Baronet, late Captain 2nd Dragoon Guards, who was born April 24, 1850, and married, April 11, 1877, Mary Nena, daughter of General William Irwin, of Leixlip, in the county of Kildare.

LORD SYDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

The Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, B.A., Rector of Durweston, in the county of Dorset, died on May 9. He was born on Feb. 5, 1808, the third son of Francis Godolphin, first Lord Godolphin, and was, consequently, brother of the eighth Duke of Leeds. He was educated at Rugby, graduated at Oxford in 1830, and entered holy orders. His initials, "S. G. O.," so familiar in the *Times* newspaper for many years, directed public attention to the wants and requirements of social life. He visited Ireland during the famine and the cholera visitation; and later on he travelled to the Crimea, and published its results in his "Scutari and its Hospitals." His energies and writings were always devoted to a benevolent or practical object. On the accession of his eldest brother to the dukedom, he was given the rank of a Duke's younger son. Lord Sydney married, May 29, 1834, Emily, daughter of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, of Taplow Court, Bucks, M.P., and became a widower in 1875, with two sons and as many daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Charlotte Augusta Granville, sister of George Augustus, sixth Duke of Athole, K.T., and widow of the Rev. Court Granville, Canon of Durham and Incumbent of Alnwick, on May 2, at Alnmouth, aged seventy-two.

The Dowager Lady Henniker, on May 10, at her residence in Grafton-street, after a trying illness. She was the eldest daughter of the late General Sir Edward Kerrison, G.C.B., and married, in 1837, John, fourth Lord Henniker, who died in April, 1870.

Mr. Robert McDonnell, M.D., one of the most eminent surgeons of Dublin, suddenly at his residence, 89, Merrion-square, Dublin, on May 6, aged sixty-one. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and went to the Crimea as a member of the Civil Staff, and whilst there, and in the Military Hospital at Smyrna, he had great practice in operative

surgery. He was formerly President of the Pathological Society, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He married a daughter of Sir Richard Bolton MacCausland.

The Hon. Lady Vavasour, wife of Sir H. Mervyn Vavasour, Bart., on May 10, at Grove Lodge, Winkfield, Berks, aged sixty-six. The Hon. Louisa Anne was the second daughter of Richard Griffin, third Lord Braybrooke, and married Sir H. M. Vavasour in June, 1853.

The Rev. Canon Moore, Vicar of Spalding, on May 13, at Spalding, of paralysis and apoplexy, after four days' illness. He was seventy-eight years of age. He was a Canon of Lincoln, and during his term of office promoted a great amount of church building and restoration.

Mr. Loftus Wigram Arkwright, of Parndon Hall, in the county of Essex, on May 4, in his sixtieth year. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Joseph Arkwright, of Mark Hall, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Wigram, Bart., and was Master of the Essex Foxhounds.

Vice-Admiral Arthur Thomas Thrupp, at Elmfield, Bideford, on May 4, aged sixty-one. He entered the Royal Navy in 1843, and, as Lieutenant of the Cruiser, served in the Baltic during the Russian War of 1854-5. While employed in China, as Lieutenant in the Nimrod, he was specially mentioned for services at the capture of the Peiho Forts, May 20, 1858.

Mr. John Slagg, late M.P. for Manchester, on May 7, at 39, Hertford-street, Mayfair, aged fifty-two. He was Vice-President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and a large merchant at Manchester. He married, in 1866, Katherine Parker, daughter of Major James German, of Maywood, near Sevenoaks.

The Countess of Carnwath, at Carnwath House, Fulham, from diphtheria, on May 7. She was a daughter of Mr. Henry Hippisley, of Lamborne Place, Berks, and married, in August, 1873, Robert Harris Carnwath Dalzell, who succeeded to the earldom on the death of his uncle, the fourteenth Earl, in November, 1887, and by whom she leaves two sons and two daughters.

Mr. J. B. Kidd, the last surviving member of the original thirty-five founders of the Royal Scottish Academy, at his residence at Greenwich on May 7, in his eighty-second year. It was but quite recently that he was selected to paint a portrait of the Queen for the Royal Hospital Schools, Greenwich. Mr. Kidd could claim the honour of having been the guest of Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford.

Mr. Francis Ormond, at Pau, on May 12. He was one of the leading Victorian squatters, and in recent years his princely benefactions to the colony exceeded £250,000. He founded and endowed the college in Melbourne which bears his name, and, besides being a most liberal patron of the Working Men's College in that city, he endowed the musical chair in connection with the University of Melbourne. He was a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

Lord Wolseley gave a lecture on May 11 at Oxford to a numerous audience, representative both of the university and the city, upon "The Military Strength of England." He said that the military forces of England at home and abroad amounted to 617,000 men, and these had to defend an empire of vast proportions. Until some mad Minister allowed a tunnel to be made under the Channel we could defend the

country with a very moderate standing army. Wars were still inevitable, and it was the dream of a fool that peace could be secured except by being strong and prepared for war.

The competition for the "Sterndale Bennett Prize" took place on May 11 at the Royal Academy of Music. There were twenty-nine candidates, and the successful one was Amy Horrocks.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on May 11 afforded great gratification to a number of members of the Great Ormond-street Working Men's College. In presenting the honorary degree of M.A. to Mr. George Tansley, the Primate referred to the public service the late Rev. F. D. Maurice had rendered in founding that excellent evening college, and gracefully alluded to the continuation of the good work by Mr. Tansley and his College colleagues. The Most Rev. Prelate then spent over an hour in pointing out the historic relics and paintings in Lambeth Palace to his visitors.

The barque *Lyra*, having been dismasted in a heavy storm while on a voyage to Queenstown, was navigated round Cape Horn to that port, a distance of 10,000 miles, under jury masts. On behalf of the underwriters and owners, the chairman of the Mercantile Marine Association at Liverpool on Saturday presented Captain Goldsmith with a gold watch and chain, of the value of 40 guineas, and a cheque for 60 guineas. James Fraser, chief officer, was presented with £20; Philip Jenkins, second officer, £17 10s.; and James Anderson, carpenter, £15.

The new railway bridge over the Dee, which her Majesty is to declare open on Aug. 22, was successfully rotated by hand power for the first time on May 11, in the presence of Sir Edward Watkin (chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company), the engineer (Mr. Francis Fox), and the contractors (Messrs. John Cochrane and Sons). The structure, which is said to be the largest swinging bridge in the world, has a swinging girder of 287 feet in length, height 16 feet, and clear width of open span 140 feet with two fixed spans of 120 feet each. The bridge will form the connecting link between the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and Great Northern Railway systems and North Wales.

How to run swiftly through a fortune has been shown at the London Bankruptcy Court. Accounts were issued on May 11 under the failure of a gentleman, formerly an officer in the Army. It appeared from the Official Receiver's observations that in February, 1885, the debtor inherited about £65,000 under his father's will, and he subsequently received a further sum of £16,500. He attributes his insolvency to losses on the Stock Exchange, betting and gambling, to the cost of keeping race-horses, and his general expenses of living. He now returns his liabilities at £3061, and assets nil.—There is another case of profuse expenditure. A gentleman in his examination in the Bankruptcy Court admitted that he had lost about £30,000 in betting on the Turf; that he had indulged in card-playing, had lost money on pigeon-shooting and at Monte Carlo, but not on the Stock Exchange.

MARRIAGE.

On May 7, at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. W. G. Armitstead and the Rev. Neville Egerton Leigh, Egerton Leigh, of Twemlow Hall, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, to Violet Cecil May, second daughter of Colonel Alfred Tippinge, of Longparish House, Whitechurch, Hants.

*The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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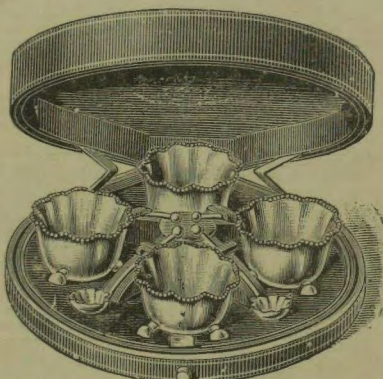
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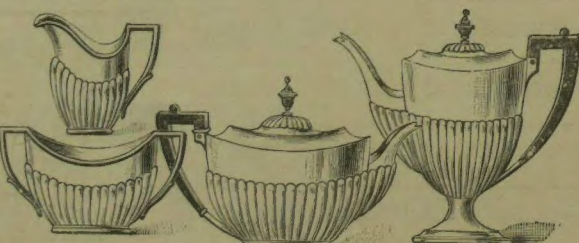


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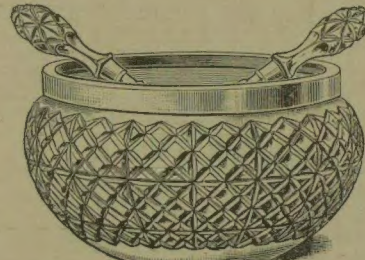
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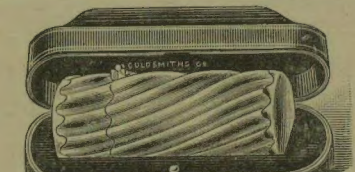


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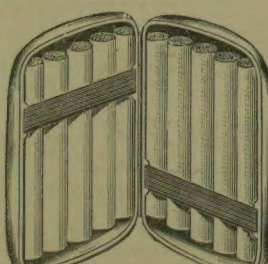
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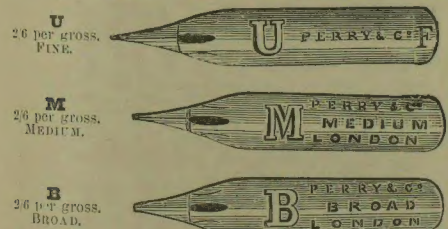
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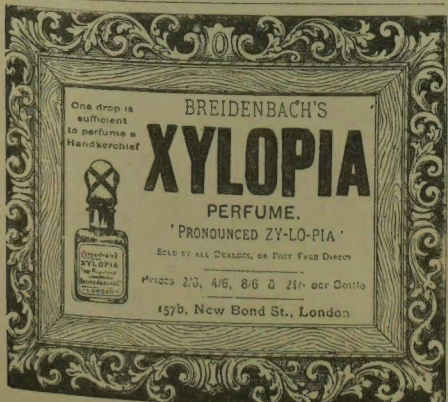
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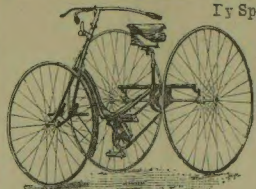
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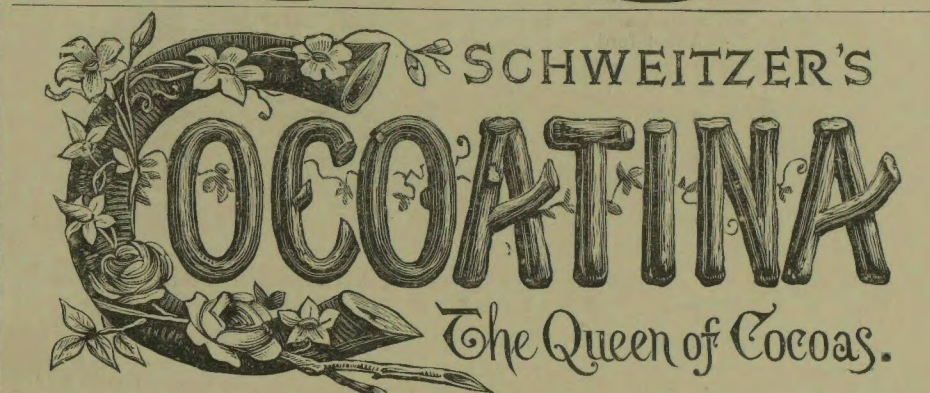
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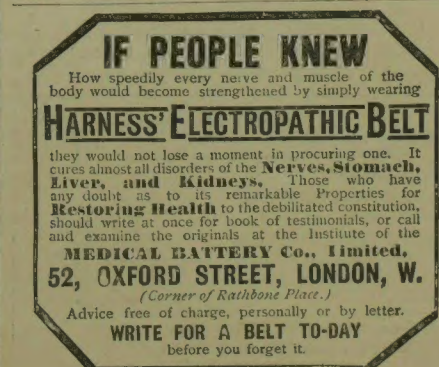
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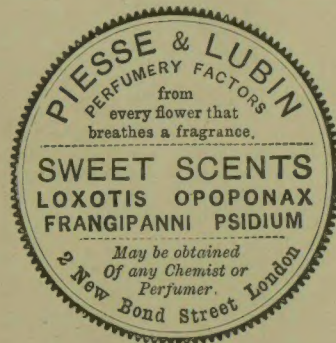
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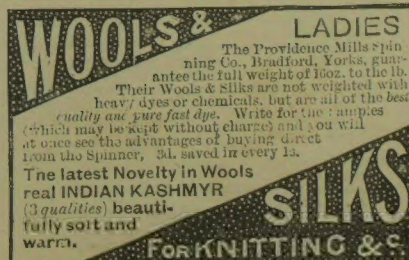
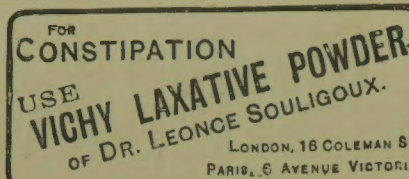


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